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Dr. KIRAN BUDKULEY

# INDO-EUROPEAN STORYTELLING IN TRANSLATION: CRISSCROSS OF DIVERSITY-IDENTITY WOVEN IN WITH IDEOLOGY

What does a beautiful miniature of Boccaccio in the British Museum have in common with a vivid wall calendar in India depicting Gunadhya? Nothing, if one does not also take into account the scenes portrayed therein! Between them, the miniature and the calendar unfold two distinct pictures: one from medieval Europe and the other from ancient India. The first portrays 'Boccaccio' relating to rapt listeners the misfortunes of the great, with the scenes from the narrative in the background[1]; the other is a touching illustration of a heartbroken Gunadhya feeding his tadapatras[2] to the hungry flames as entranced beasts from the wild listen to his tearful chants. How do these scenes relate to each other? Undoubtedly, they display the unimaginable impact of storytelling. More than that, the two scenes

underscore the tremendous potential of translatic storytelling.

In fact, they demonstrate the sheer power o and colour to speak, nay, to narrate not only the stor also the story behind the story. Moreover, be revealing the unimaginable scope for storytellin translation, these illustrations also convey by implic the potential creative worth of other arts (such a pictographic, plastic, callisthenic, mimetic and a visual including films and electronic media storytelling in translation. The term 'translation' is here in a comprehensive three-fold sense[3], elucidate Roman Jacobson in his famous essay 'On Transla inclusive of intra-lingual or unilingual, interlingua bilingual and intersemiotic translation or transmutatic is in India and Europe that, the most ingenious us these several modes of storytelling has been mad addition to the prolific use of the traditional oral literary narratives.

Thus the Indo-European tradition of storyte has grown to be one of the richest and probably the versatile in form and content for reasons not difficu gauge. Both India and Europe have been hom innumerable nomadic tribes and/or other ethnic gro which eventually gave rise to innumerable langua dialects and diverse sub-cultures. These culture gr depended on storytelling as the most important med of sharing experiences, imparting educat commemorating history, creating role models, provi entertainment as well as disseminating ideol Interestingly, the tradition of 'translating' oral narra into writing-whether verse or prose-develo simultaneously and independently in both these cultu

In fact, Gunadhya and Boccaccio have to be credited with compiling folk tales from the untapped realm of marginal dialects of their day- Paishachi and Italian respectively - and re-narrating these tales, thereby re-generating a whole tradition of translating oral tales into the written word. However, the real credit for popularizing these compiled tales across the world goes to their translation/transcreation in and through the then-dominant languages. The wellknown medieval Italian folk tale 'Patient Griselda' from Boccaccio's 'Decameron' was popularized first by Petrarch's Latin version and later by Chaucer's English versions. Similarly, Gunadhya's 'Brihatkatha' was popularized by Kshemendra's Sanskrit version 'Kathasaritsagar' and Somadeva's 'Brihatkathamanjiri'. But interestingly, each version invested into the given narrative a distinct measure of diversity whether of ecological environment, socio-historical context, idiom, popular ethos or beliefs.

In fact, most of the extant literary monuments in the Indo-European societies bear witness to this fact. For instance, the popular tale of the three daughters professing love to their father and one of them comparing it to the worth of 'salt' is listed among European folktales available in English. But it is also found in the Konkani oral tradition and probably in other Indian folklore as well. But there are contextual, as well as structural and semantic deviations. To cite but one contextual difference: in the former, the denouement involves serving 'meat without salt' at a marriage banquet. While in the other, it is serving a 'paan' ( a full indigenous vegetarian meal served on banana leaf) in a 'pangat'. The Hindi version of the tale aptly titled 'Namak se Pyara' has a typically North Indian idiom and ethos. Thus maneuvering the narrative

to suit a given local context infuses each version w
rich cultural diversity but also makes each an exclu
milestone of folklore that give a distinct identity not
to the tale and the characters, but to that language as
as culture.

This identity-giving diversity may occur not
in the 'translation' of folk literature but also in that of
known literary masterpieces. For instance, how div
from Moliere's 'Le Medicin Malagre Lui' is Sh
Goembab's Konkani adaptation 'Mogachem Logn'?
'Charlie's Aunt' from 'Moruchee Maushee'? Or 'Oed
Rex' from 'Raja Yudip'? Some of these, (especi
'Mogachem Logn' ) are entirely new creations ada
fully to the native context and ethos. Similarly,
faithful are Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' to
masterpieces of the Bard of Avon, and those in turn, to
innumerable sources to which they have been trac
How does one balance the fidelity to the source text
the creative genius of the storyteller? Where to draw
line between originality and innovation? Moreover, h
does one explain this urge for innovation as well as
resultant thematic or visionary deviation? And for
matter, how does one explain the deviation when a sir
story is transcreated in several creative mode
Furthermore, where does one trace the inspiration for
experimentation and the need to convey one's own view

The answer to the last question is not hard to fi
In India as also in Europe, parallel, though not identi
socio-cultural awakenings occurred during the Mid
Ages. Among other things, these comparable but
parallel renaissances gave a tremendous fillip to
hitherto neglected dialects, which began to come into th
own. In turn, this encouraged the rich treasure of c

It is likely that

literature, predominantly of folk tales, to be cast into diverse forms of literary and performing arts. Since a language is the natural and comprehensive 'conduit of a culture', it was a formidable challenge to fuse the diversity of context and the identity of the culture. Thus storytelling in 'translation' underscored the distinctness of the target language-culture from that of the source-language culture. In the process, it also invested the narrative in translation with a wealth of thematic, linguistic and cultural variety since the flavour of region, custom and idiom was woven in with paradigms of norms, values, beliefs and doctrines i.e. with ideology.

Once again, the Indo-European storytelling tradition is a useful source of illustration here, due to its rich repertoire as well as the creative transmutations emerging from it. At this stage, it has to be reiterated that thanks to trade, travel, and much later, due to colonization, there has been a vast mutual exchange of narratives- sometimes directly, sometimes through Perso-Arabic intervention- between the two far-flung lands. These 'received' narratives have been widely disseminated across the 'indigenous' groups and languages of the receiving cultures. What's even more interesting, they have been often re-circulated not only by way of lingual translations but also through formal, thematic or even contextual transmutations such that the identity of the 'received text' is often indiscernible.

For instance, it is difficult to identify an identical version of the folktales or fables, traditionally attributed to Vishnusharma or to Aesop or for that matter, of those that are traced to say 'One Thousand and One Nights' or 'Vetaal Panchvishee'. They have been presented in such diverse forms and manner that it may not be possible to

identify the 'original' at all. Often the dissemination these tales has been partial or selective such that o some thematic motifs or character trait or an archetype even crucial narrative devices have been chosen in telling the tale or in telling a totally different tale. Thus Konkani folk tales 'bhangara kesaanchee rajkunvar' blonde princess reminiscent of butter cup golden hair often traceable, just as a thoroughly European version Shakuntala's 'lost ring' is not hard to find. Wh Cinderella and Kundekuskoor tread no common path adventures or predicament, their affinity lies in th names. One is linked to cinders-ashes, while the other husk and reject of grain.

But these are only superficial similarities r traceable to deeper thematic motifs or structural linkag However, there are other tales where deeper identificati marks are discernible. For instance, 'the sleeping beau in English version is 'awakened' by the kiss of the prin whereas the 'the sleeping princess' in Konkani o tradition is not awakened by the prince. Rather, in tu with the native norms of personal ethics, the prince 'kee a naked sword between the princess and himself as he li in the same bed' as though to safeguard her chastity a uphold his own honour. This shows how storytelling c suavely impart a certain value education. It can impose subtle ideology just as well!

Here, an example of two unrelated tales - one Sati Anusuya from Indian Puranic tradition and the oth from medieval European folk tradition -will prove usef What do these two women have in common? Thoroug obedience to their husband's will, their notion of chasti and their position as the very archetypes of womanho in their respective cultures! Of the two, Griselda sacrific

everything including their children and marriage to abide by her husband's will. Even after being divorced by him she vows to remain 'a widow clean in body, heart and all'[5] while he merrily proposes a second marriage. On the other hand, Anusuya salvages everything including chastity and marriage in the face of the stiffest challenge. In addition, she also obtains three divine children by complete obedience to the husband and loyalty to him. Interestingly, both the narratives emphasize the inhuman testing of the two women, one by her own husband acting almost like God (and allegorically compared to Him), the other by Gods themselves (and saved by the husband). These narratives are strong propagators of the secondary status of the women and they promote the ideology of womanly subservience, demanding unquestioned obedience to spousal dominance in a patriarchal society.

On this backdrop, the attempt in this paper to revisit the 'crisscross of diversity-identity' woven in with ideology in the Indo-European Storytelling in translation, assumes significance. However, the dissemination of ideology need not be seen only in the sense of the term used by Terry Eagleton[6]. In fact, the egalitarian humanism of Chaucer and the woman friendly discourse in his version of Griselda's story is a spiritual and sociological ideology projected through gender-sensitivity. Likewise, Dyaneshwar in his purely philosophical-spiritual treatise also conveys a mundane ideology, weaving in briefly the storytelling mode as done in his source 'The Mahabharat'. There are other examples as well.:'The Little Mermaid' or 'Adventures of Robinhood' or 'Sindbad's Tales', have been told and retold the world over, in so many different forms and genres, and with so many ideological trappings that the sheer variety of manner and the diversity of approach

is breathtaking. But why go so far? Even the popu
Konkani tale 'Raja Dukarache Kaan' and its near para
Hindi folk tale show tremendous similarity of theme a
amazing diversity of plot, each highlighting its exclus
cultural background and preferred ideological position
both, a barber is almost bursting with the unbeara
secret that the king has pig's/donkey's ears. The Konk
tale has a humorous vein and a comic delineation, wh
the Hindi version has a tragic end for the barber, alo
with a terse lesson[7] to the listeners.

Likewise, stories from mythology/history ha
blazed amazing trails of ethno-ideological transmutatio
Not only in oral, aural or literary transmutation, but the
stories have been revitalized in the silence colour (mura
miniatures etc.), in the poetry of gestures/moveme
(puppet plays, pentamime,), in the ecstacy of for
(architecture, sculpture etc.) to the melody of music a
dance (plays, ballets etc.) as also in the viv
verisimilitude of cinema. It is thus interesting to see t
Indo-European storytelling tradition from such a point
view because it helps appreciate the various creativ
ideological mutations ranging from artistic transcreatio
to unwitting interpolations. What is more, such a scruti
reveals a wide range of diversity of context, form, conte
as also the distinctness of identity of a culture, regio
people or age.

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NOTES:

1. Kenneth Sisam* describes how effectively Boccaccio's narration from Misfortunes of Great Men to listeners has been depicted in the miniature.

2. 'Tadapatra' is the palm leaf used for writing in ancient India. Sin Gunadhya's invaluable compilation was not duly recognised by Ki



* provide referen

Satwahan, he was driven to feed it to fire in desperation. The final part of it was salvaged by King's last minute intervention and became well known as the Brihadkatha.

3. (i) intra-lingual or uni-lingual translation (viz. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales rendered from Middle English into Modern English or Dnyaneshwar's Amrutanubhav from Prakrit into Modern Marathi, or Konkani folk tales for children in various spoken dialects into a compilation in modern Konkani such as 'Bhurgyanlo Ved'), (ii) interlingual or bilingual translation (viz. Tom Sawyer translated into Marathi as 'Chandu'); and, (iii) intersemiotic or transmutation implying the use of non-verbal signs in place of verbal signs of a language (viz. The Clerk's Tale cast into a puppet show or Ramkatha into a ballet or an episode from Homeric/Vyas-Valmikian epics into 'narrative performances' by a 'rhapsode' / 'kathaka' or 'puranik' etc.).

4. For example, there is a popular Goan legend about a well-to do woman who offers 'Goddess Laxmi' a seat with the assurance of applying vermilion on her forehead and then jumping in the well so that the goddess of wealth should never leave her house. This is made into a story by Mahadevshastri Joshi, then into a script for a movie Thamb Laxmi Kumkun Lawate and then into a Marathi movie that ran to packed houses.

5. The line occurs in Chaucer's 'The Clerk's Tale' in Canterbury Tales. The latter is an illustrative compilation of folk tales often imaginatively presented and depicting a life like picture of Chaucer's times.

6. Terry Eagleton discusses ideology mainly as the deeply ingrained belief or doctrine which connects with the political hierarchy within the social structure and one's position within that hierarchy.

7. 'Dekha hai jo ankhse ya suna hai jo kanse / mat karo usko kabhi jabtak na socha hai dhyanse/ soche bina samje bina jo kam karte mooddha hain/ pate haiain nayee jaisee mout ko ve shool hain' is the warning that the story gives to susceptible youngsters.



* provide reference

PRABHAKAR DHAGE

# FOUNDATION OF MARATHI JOURNALISM IN GOA

The first weekly in Goa was published in 1821 i Portuguese language namely 'Gazetta de Goa'. It was government mouthpiece. Non-government newspape 'checko de Luzinania' was published in 1836. Othe Government newspapers that were published in this tim were 'Voz de Goes' and 'cronixta constitutional de Goa'.

Daily newspaper was started in 1900. On 2 January 1900, Mesiara Gomes started 'O Heraldo'. Th first periodical 'Gazetta de Goa' was closed down i August 1826.

The history of Marathi journalism in Goa is quit interesting. But no Marathi daily newspaper wa published before liberation. Goans very well satiated thei hunger of reading on the newspapers coming from Pun and Mumbai, opined eminent journalist B. D. Satoskar Kesri paper launched by Bal Gangadhar Tilak exhorte the masses to rebel against colonialism. 'Manoranjan' an

'Kirloskar' magazines were popular in Goa but there existed some periodicals in Goa before their entry.

The first Marathi periodical is said to be 'Anand Lahari'. It was launched in March 1890 and the editor was Suryaji Sadashiv Mahatme. The first Indian language periodical was published in 1870. This manifests that Goa was not lagging behind as compared to other Indian states for having magazines in regional languages. Later on Portuguese born Tomas Movrao Garcez Palhas contributed a lot as an editor of Marathi periodicals. He had an ardent respect for Hindu religion and culture. His heart moved to see the pangs of penury and poverty of the Goan masses. 'Deshsudhareshnu' a bi-lingual Portuguese Marathi monthly came till 1877. Atmaram Sukhthankar was appointed editor for this periodical but Yeshwant Naik Danait actually looked after Marathi section. Danait was well versed in Marathi journalism owing to his experience there and gave a different dimension to 'Deshsudhareshnu'. No required support from readers was received paving the way to its death.

Due to efforts of Jose Inacio de Loyola 'Goa Mitra' was started from Margao in 1882. Lots of other weeklies suddenly were born i.e. Govatma (1886), Srikhand (1888), Nyayachakshu (1889), Gomantak (1890), Pedne Samachar (1893) Hitchintak (1894). The other magazines were Dnyadarsha (1884), Srikhand (1888), Pathyabodh(1888), Suvichar (1890). Ramkrishna Pandurang alias Dada Vaidya, in the pre-liberation days by his foresight started movements for Marathi education, library, health and sanitation, social reforms, small scale industries, girl education, etc. Obviously, he had to come out with Marathi periodicals for dissemination of this knowledge in the respective fields. In 1901, he inspired his wife

Saraswatibai Vaidya to become editor of a periodi
'Haladkunku' which voiced the problems of women..
1902, Ramchandra Vaman Naik alias Fondushas
Karande started 'Satsang' magazine from Cumbharj
Intense yearning for Indian customs and traditio
craving for reforms and lucid rendition style were
salient features. In 1909 Dada Vaidya started 'Prachisab
magazine in the name of his wife. He also ran a week
namely 'Vidyaprasar'. Valuable contribution in this are
by Dada Vaidya and Karande Shastri could be compar
with Maharshi Ranade and essayist Chiplunkar fro
Maharashtra.

As mentioned earlier 'Anand Lahari' was the fi
periodical in Goa. But a Marathi periodical nam
'Sarvasangraha' was started by some Goans in 1870 whi
was published from Mumbai. It was published till 18
During 1870 and 1885 altogether 24 periodicals cam
Most of them did not last long. In 1887, Mr Bhim
Deshpande started magazine 'Sudarshan' in Panaji.
carried news and views so also literary articles. It aimed
giving literary and news articles. But it did not see
second issue. Five periodicals came in 1890. 'Gomanta
magazine started from Panaji. Edited by Venkate
Singbal, it carried a Portuguese section too. It appeare
for two years. Rest of the periodicals then we
Portuguese. "Ekvis September" weekly in 1892 lasted on
for two issues. In 1893, 'Pedne Gazzette', a Marat
Portuguese fortnightly ran for a year. Manges
Deshpande started a weekly 'Hitchintak' from Panaji
1900. This fortnightly continued for a year. In 1898,
weekly 'Kalikadarshan' magazine was launched fro
Panaji. Edited by R.P. Shet Nagvekar it did not last mo
than a year.

Editor Dr. P. B. Shirgaonkar started 'Prabhat' eekly from Panaji in 23 May 1911. The name served its urpose. A new dawn was emerging on Goan soil after a espotic rule of Portuguese rulers for around 400 years. or four years this weekly exhorted the masses to rebel gainst the foreign rule. It lasted till 1915. After the demise Dr. Shirgaonkar, 'Prabhat' was published in a monthly rm. The span of 1916-1920 saw eight Marathi eriodicals. In the meanwhile, Goan masses were vakened from their slumber. The ripples of Maharashtra olitical agitation had reflected on Goan surface. Maratha ayak Samaj from Goa started a magazine 'Maratha ayakmitra' in 1918 but it did not last after 1919.

In 1920, 'Pragati' Marathi weekly was started from anaji city by Motiram Jambaulikar and Sakharam amnathkar. Later on its office and printing press was ifted to Ramnathi. After a year, it was also stopped in 921. In 1921, a fortnightly and four magazines dawned. ditor of 'Gadgatat' J. K. Desai was instrumental in arting it. It did not last beyond that year. In 1920, nardan Pai Asnodkar started 'Navjivan' weekly in anaji. It carried articles both in Marathi and Portuguese. dited by N. R. Bhonsle after 1921, it continued for a year monthly form. The primary aim of this periodical was feed up to date information of political happenings to indu community and of Hindu customs and culture to atholic community. In 1921, V. D. Karlekar published a agazine 'Napitodaya' lasting for a year. It came out with name 'Nabhikoaya' and came for a short span. It was onsidered as a mouthpiece of Goan Nabhik community. the similar manner, for the upliftment of Vaishya ommunity from the state, 'Vashya' magazine was started 'Shambhu Anand Shet Kesarkar' from Panaji.

In 1921, 'Bharatodaya' magazine was start
editor N. B. Naik. It primarily instilled in reade
importance of domestic and local occupations rathe
pursue white collar jobs. For technical reasons
magazine later on came out as a supplement of 'B
weekly. In the same year in December, 'Bharat
magazine was started by editor N. B. Naik. It could
Golden Jubilee. On 27 January 1924, yet another w
'Hindu' was launched. The active workers mobilisin
movements of Hindu social and political arena
Sukerkar and his brother Jaiwant took effor
publishing it. Intense patriotism and a sincere na
cause was its motto. 'Hindu' protested against the f
centenary celebrations of Vasco-da-Gama organize
the then Government. Publisher Jaiwant Sukerkar v
that Gama may be a national hero of Portugal but h
concern whatsoever with Goa. Owing to his gutsy
sharp statement, he was sent to jail for a year. This w
was compelled to close down due to var
impediments.

This gives a glimpse of a running graph of Ma
periodicals and their functioning. These magazines
done a pivotal role in kindling the spark of nationalis
the masses, inspiring them to rise against the des
Portuguese rule. It spread light in the pitch dark exi
then thus playing a major role of awakening in
ensuing liberation struggle of Goa. Though the life
overall work was short, due to the wide spectru
vividity and variety Marathi journalism blossomed in
with vigour.

The crown of Marathi journalism was the
played by warrior journalist Govind Hedge Desa
was an era having a glorious and magnificent his

Iegde Desai's editorials had a lustre of pen like Tilak nd Agarkar. An authority on journalism James Macdonald had regarded journalism realm more than hat of battlefield. Hegde Desai's sharp pen proves these vords. Achieving laurels in higher education in law and pharmacy, he could have well chosen a different line. But after grooming under the guidance of Dr. P. V. Shirgaonkar in his periodical 'Prabhat', Govind Hegde Desai came out with his stormy bi weekly 'Bharat'. Service to humanity is service to God was the theme entence of this paper. It stirred the society etching a mprint of its own in the history forever running for 36 olid years. In this span, Portuguese rulers filed 50 cases gainst Hegde Desai. But the editor knew his mission nd did not budge an inch. Words fall short to describe he glory of probing and investigative journalism set orth by Hedge Desai. This journalist, par excellence, breathed his last on 15 August 1949 while the last issue vas in print. The contribution of Govind Hedge Desai o Marathi journalism is voluminous and ample.

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Dr. PANDURANG R. PHALDESAI

# ETHNOMUSICAL TRADITIONS OF GO

Goa, a small region on India's West C
sandwiched between the Western Ghats and the Ara
Sea, has rich cultural traditions. Maritime trade cont
and the Portuguese colonial rule have fused and ble
cosmopolitan cultural elements in Goan Society. Cul
fusion has given rise to unique ethnographic and mu
traditions. This cultural fabric has given birth to an un
amalgam of East and West; the xxxxx folk and mo
Indian cultural ethos. The cultural and musical herita
Goa is quite rich.

The study of Goan folk musical instrum
encompasses the music in Goa, which itself is
exhaustive area of research. But within the limited s
of this paper, I have venture to emphasis and focus
upon the objective study of folk musical instruments
folk performances.

Goa has produced many musicians of national

nternational stature. Every cell of this land pulsates hythmically with music. The folk music and in turn the olk musical instruments of Goa bear much prominence. thorough and careful study of the present status of arious Goan folk musical instrument clearly illustrates he vivid picture of their future development. To brighten his xxxx musicologists and researchers ought to focus on his aspect with an objective view point.

The process was not restricted only to the gradual ransformation of folk music into classical music. Nevertheless, the genius Maestros of classical music, ndeavoured to give a special place of their own to some olk musical instruments of yesteryears, in the realm of lassical instruments. Kashmiri instruments - Santoor may e an example. Pandit Shivkumar Sharma and his ncestors with constant efforts and research, placed this nstrument on the pinnacle of glory. The innovative nstrument has kept the audiences spellbound in as much s we tend to forget that it is a folk musical instrument.

Along with the expectations of experiments on folk nusical instruments, the question of training in playing of nstruments cannot be overlooked. If an aspiring student earns to know more about the instruments, then there ught to be a provision to inculcate in him the basic nowledge in the traditional style. Due to lack of such ducational facilities and the awareness, the overall ubject of folk musical instruments doesn't seem to have nterested the people much. The interest about playing a ertain instrument is instantly evoked in an individual. Such a craving is heightened when the keen connoisseur bserves it, being played by a competent artiste, rendering are innovations. If a provision is made to impart the basic essons about such instruments then it would certainly

satiate the aspirations, such experimentation in the f
·folk musical instruments is outright neglected. N
research has been embarked upon a particular instr
nor any experiments have been conducted upon a
of instruments. Owing to this, the young m
instruments as expected. If special programmes v
fine blend of Indian Classical Music and Goan Folk
are intermittently organized, the future will definit
promising generation. was not found to get attrac
the folk.

No such experimentations of any sort was c
on upon any of the Goan Folk musical instrumen
fact, there is certainly scope for more research as far
instruments like Ghumat and Mhadlem are conce
However, no such attempts so far have been made i
regard. The instrument Ghumat as a percu
instrument occupies a prime place in Karnatic M
From this fact, it is clearly evident that Goan
Percussion Instrument Ghumat holds a lot of potent
achieve a particular status in the Indian Classical M
Of course, it calls for efforts from studious Musicolo
and experts. Barring this lacuna on the other hand, i
satisfying experience to see the efforts of the you
generation that is experimenting with folk mu
instruments on Goan scene. The days are hope
nearing when the young talent will contribute their
in this field.

Resources such as the traditional expon
providing the information of Goan folk mu
instruments are disappearing and it is a matter of g
concern. Obviously, the hope to look forward at
experiments of these folk musical instruments are ra
dim. Because, except for the collection of s

otographs of Goan Folk musical instruments and to me extent a few audio recordings, no more contributory eps have been taken in that direction.

In 1984, the programme 'Drums of Goa' and ereafter in 1987, the programme 'Lokarang' presented Goa Kala Academy raised some expectations for the evelopment of musical instruments. Almost all of the ercussion instruments (membranophones) and some ruck Idiophones or solids were aptly included in the ogramme. If such programmes were to be followed up would have provided a platform for revival of the erformance of folk instruments. As far as the study of the lk musical instruments and the process of its evolution concerned, such programmes are important. These rogrammes exhibit truly the uniqueness and the other cets of the folk musical instruments. More frequent rogrammes accelerate the pace of development of folk usical instruments in the particular region. Apart from at, researchers and even the common people can have cquaintance with these instruments. In Goa, barring one two exceptions, the absence of such a system may eate obstacles and hindrances in the percussion art. The aining for the amateur artists of folk musical struments is a must.

The thought of having a museum of folk musical nstruments is significant. The Goan folk percussion nstrument - Ghumat, has to go through minimum three ifferent stages to get the appropriate shape of the nstrument to be played on auspicious occasions. Three ages could be preferably distinguished as under:

) To prepare the earthen pot in the traditional shape.

i) To ensure the availability of the hide of the rock

lizard.

(iii) Placing the hide on the pot.

The traditional potters undertake the wo preparation of earthen pot for the Ghumat. The sh the pot and also of the openings are pres traditionally which are strictly followed by the p and the pots are baked in a traditional oven experienced and connoisseur Ghumat player selec pot as per his choice taking into account his experie performance.

The availability of the rock lizard hide to cov bigger opening of the pot is the subsequent need Ghumat making. The hide is generally available wi jungle dwellers. The flesh of the reptile is generally by the various communities settled in the jungles. the rock lizard is caught, its hide is removed in sp manner (verticle cut on the back bone) anticipating i for Ghumat and matured in the sun. The folded h maintained in the kitchen so as continuous he supplied in order to dry up the skin completely anc avoid any damage to the hide.

The hide thus made available is soaked over in cold water and the next day it is rubbed with dry or paddy so that the scales are removed. Thus the skin becomes ready to stretch on the opening o earthen pot. The high quality of the dressing of the h directly related to the quality of sound. The hi stretched on the opening with the gum taken fron banyan tree (Ficus bengalensis) and other wild locally known as Kel (Ficus tesiela), Otamb (Airoca lakoocha). To maintain the continuous stretch, the s made out of the fibres of wild trees locally know

Kiwan (Helicteres isora) and Kumbo (Careya arborea) and also coir string made out of coconut tree (Cocos nucifera). Thereafter the stretched hide is dried in the shadow. During this process, the pot is kept filled with dry grass. After 2-3 days, the hide gets completely dried so that the Ghumat is ready for playing. During the drying period nobody is allowed to apply any stroke on the hide so that the expected tonal pitch is acquired. The string is tied to both the openings so that the instrument is played by hanging it to the shoulder or the neck of the player.

Specific sound can be produced by striking the hide at different points. Similarly, the quality and the pitch can be controlled by the palm of the other hand covering the smaller opening of the instrument. There is another folk percussion instrument, Mhadlem, of this group which has a shape like Mridangam but instead of a hollow trunk, an earthen pot is used. Both the openings of the instrument are covered with the hide of the rock lizard and the side opening selected for playing is applied with a ball of boiled and dried rice to control the pitch of the sound. In any case, the Ghumat is not played independently but along with accompaniment of other percussion instruments.

It is obvious that some queries may be raised by any aspirant, student or scholar in specific context of Ghumat. Some of them are as follows:

- Why only the baked earthen pot is used for Ghumat?
- If the clay is mixed with another material like metallic powder, glass powder, etc will the quality of sound differ?
- If the shape of the earthen pot is varied, what will be the acoustic effect?

- If the openings are made of different diameter, wh acoustic effect could be achieved?
- Why the hide of only rock lizard is used?
- Why hides of other animals/reptiles are not used?
- What will be the effect if the hide is cured with son other solutions like oil, rice, flour, gum or any oth paste?
- How to control the high and low pitch of sound a per the requirements of its performer?
- Why not cover the smaller opening of the earthen po with hide?
- Why not use two different types of hides for both th openings? In such a case what will be the final qualit of sound?
- If the instrument is played with wooden sticks, wit hollow metallic bar, solid metallic bars. What will b the sound product?

There are so many questions and queries which could be raised for better experimentation on this folk percussion instrument so that new horizons could be achieved to throw more and more light on the entire spectrum of design, fabrication, structure and performance of the folk instruments like the Ghumat and consequently the ethnomusicology of Goa.

Till date, resources under a single roof for study of folk instruments e. g.- a museum of ethnomusicology is not found in Goa wherein a seeker can proceed to get the basic information on every Goan folk instrument. A researcher has to travel to so many rural villages to even see these instruments. Had there been any museum in a

centrally located place, the pace of study of folk musical instruments would have been accelerated. Many such museums are seen in our country. The various folk musical instruments of a particular region must be displayed in a collected from a single place. The museum of instruments at Calcutta or the one on life-size sculptures at Kohima -Nagaland depicting the glimpses of the folk life of various communities is a concrete example. It would be logical to include such a concept in the comprehensive scheme of craft village - the Shilpa-Gram launched by the West Zone Cultural Centre of the Government of India at Udaipur in Rajasthan. Small wonder then, if the music connoisseur and the society at large expect such efforts from the Goan folk musicians and other active music organizations.

Of course, lots of avenues manifest themselves in the arena of Goan folk music and instruments. The absence of string instruments in Goan folk music is clearly visible. The reason could be the relative lack of knowledge about the fabrication of string instrument based on high quality, high frequency, metallic strings. The technology for manufacturing fine strings did not exist among Goan folk. The instrument named Vata was used for accompaniment of Chitrakathi (narration of mythological stories by displaying traditional paintings) on the stage in Pinguli village of Konkan. This instrument earlier found a place in the shadow and string puppetry shows in Goa. Many such instruments including the aforesaid Vata are extinct. Surpawa and naksher are the instruments respectively from the categories of Bansuri and Pungi. These instruments might help in bringing forth the novel experiments before the audience of music-lovers. Unfortunately, the atmosphere of such creative activity is

not seen nowadays.

In view of the above points, one thing is cry clear i.e. the Goan folk music and the folk mus instruments are ignored for long. A ray of hope still ex If the genius music minds determinedly resolve to emb upon a deep research, they can elevate some of the G folk musical instruments on par with classical mu instruments.

The picture of conservation of the enthnomus traditions of Goa is not as grim as one would th because of well founded institutions like the Goa K Academy.

Kala Academy, the pioneer and premier cultu institution of Goa, has provided a highly interacti creative and catalytic platform to folk artists during p 25 years. The academy, within limited resources, h strived, through the folk dance-music competitio Bhajans, Kirtans, to rejuvenate the dying art of folk mu of Goa. It has provided a new hope to upcomi researchers, scholars and intellectuals to underta collaborative research in several neglected, challengi and unexplored areas such as Goan ethnomusicolog Kala Academy could act as an interactive platform and common resource and repository center in the future right thrust and support is provided in high priority are of ethnomusicological research. Knowledge gained ar training imparted through the current workshop may l thus useful in planning ethnomusical tradition reviv programmes in Goa.

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MADHAVI SARDESAI

# GENDER AND SOCIAL ATTITUDES: SOME INVESTIGATIONS INTO KONKANI GENDER

I. Gender classifies nouns. Traditionally linguistics distinguishes between natural and grammatical dimensions of gender. In the former, gender of a noun corresponds to some 'natural' or semantic feature like sex, animacy, size etc. In the latter, gender of a noun is determined by certain grammatical features associated with it by virtue of the grammatical relationships triggered between words in a sentence. Gender in English is largely a classification of nouns as male (Masculine), female (Feminine) or inanimate (Neuter) and thus is of the natural kind. Swahili, a Bantu language classifies nouns into about six classes according to the singular and plural prefixes attached to them. This could be given as a paradigm instance of grammatical gender. Natural and grammatical genders are not mutually exclusive. For, in languages with grammatical gender there also exists some natural basis in the classification of nouns. The degree of correspondence

between the classification of nouns by grammatical ger and that in keeping with some natural basis varies from language to another. However, recognition of gender grammatical category rests purely on grammatical grou and not on natural connection. Gender is grammatic significant in a language only when it determines cer grammatical choices like those of articles, concord pronominal reference. Although observations made Konkani gender in this paper mainly bear on my o dialect - the salcete Gauda - Saraswat Brahmin Konkani.

English classifies its nouns into three gende Masculine, Feminine and Neuter, gender plays a v minor grammatical role in English : there is no gend concord in English i.e. English verbs or adjectives do r agree with the gender of the noun. Further, the reference the English pronouns he, she, it also rests on the 'natur classification of the nouns. Considering this, English is oft seen as having no gender.

## II. Gender in Konkani

Konkani nouns show a three-way gender contra Masculine, Feminine and Neuter. Gender is grammatical significant in Konkani and plays an important role in t Konkani concord system to the choice of pronouns.

Examples :

1. dhaklo bhav aylo

"Younger brother came"

2. dhakli bhayn ayli

"Younger sister came"

3. higlo dhaklo bhav aylo , tigalo aylona

"This one's younger brother came, that one's did not come.

## II.1 Phonetic shape and gender

From an observation of the phonetic shape of the noun-vowels in the final syllable, Masculine and Feminine stand in opposition to the Neuter gender in Konkani. Neuter is characterized by the absence of vowels e, ?, o, and t, t in the pre-consonantal final and the presence of nasalization in the word-final position:

Examples:

| | M | | F | | N | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| e/ec | | der | | per | | x |
| | det | | dhep | | x | |
| o/oc | | mor | | fatod | x | |
| | pot | | vot | | x | |
| t/tc | ekvtt | | ttvtth | | x | |
| | deavty | | | stvty | | x |

exception : pu (Ms)

Regarding identifying gender of the noun from its phonetic shape it should be said that consonant-ending nouns bear no formal mark of any gender. If the consonant ending nouns have e/e, o/o or t/t in the final syllable it only tell that they do not belong to the Neuter gender. But this leaves no position clue for guessing the gender of the noun. In nouns with vocalic endings, however, word final nasalization marks the neuter gender and word final indicates the masculine gender, i.e. all nouns that end in a nasalized vowel belong to the neuter gender and those that end in belong to the masculine gender. The feminine gender lacks its mark.

Word-final u represents the masculine in the pronominal, adjectival and verbal paradigms where the

neuter is represented by e and the feminine by i.

Examples :

1. tadzo bhav / to goya astalo
   "his brother / he will be in Goa."
2. taji bayl / ti goya asttli
   "his wife / she will be in Goa."
3. taje aka/te goya asttle
   "his aunt/she will be in Goa."

Although the feminine gender is represented here b -i and although most i - ending nouns are feminine gender, - i cannot be called as a mark of the feminine gend in the strict sense of the term. For, quite a number of i ending nouns also belong to the masculine gender: where motheli "the fat one", madi "arecanut.palm", stri "wire supari "arecanut" are Feminine, padeli "coconut-feller ghadi - "a witch doctor", htri - a Proper noun - wepa "businessman" are masculine.

II. 2. Natural associations in Konkani gender konkan gender throws up some associations with sex and size.

II. 2. 1. Sex and gender

There exists some phonetically related pairs o nouns in Konkani where masculine is male and feminin female.

**Examples**

M F

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | maktd | makdin | he monkey/she monkey |
| 2. | duktr | dukrin | boar /sow |
| 3. | ranpi | ranpin | cook (male)/cook (female) |
| 4. | mastt | masttrin | teacher (male)/teacher(female) |
| 5. | sedzari | sedzann | neighbour (male)/neighbour (female) |

mama mami uncle (maternal)/aunt (maternal)
. kaka kaki uncle (paternal)/aunt (paternal)
. adzo aji grand father/grand mother
. bokdi bokdi billy goat/nanny goat
0. komo komi cock/hen

However, all males and females in nature do not orrespond to pairs of masculine and feminine nouns in the nguage. The pair treatment is reserved only for those ouns that are higher up on the scale of animacy and is a egular feature in common nouns for human beings which re highest on this scale. Male/female does not nguistically seem to matter far pal wall lizard, gothan iillipede, ghon kite vell:- a fish - all feminine nouns, dzallo - ocroach humlo an ant- viswen king fish, kastw tortoise - all nasculine nouns, sugot prawn, yewal - a snake mane rocodile malun a snake - all neuter nouns, as these are ower on the scale of animacy.

### 1.2.2. Size and gender

Where Konkani gender shows associations of size, nasculine usually represents the "big", neuter the "small" nd Feminine sometimes "big", sometimes "small", epending upon the other terms of the opposition.

**xamples :**

| M | F | |
|---|---|---|
| ewt | shewtali | a fish |
| agdo | bagduli | a fish |
| ido | kid | "worm" |
| also | ktlsuli | "pitcher" |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| talo | tali | "branch" |
| potlo | potli | "bundle" |

Here the masculine animate nouns are not necessarily male in sex. Sewto, bagdo and kido are only bigger in comparison with sewtali, bagduli and kid which could be either male or female like the former. This fact is best demonstrated by the three phonetically relate words for frog in the three genders: bebo (M), bebki (F) and bebuk (N). Here gender correspondes to the size of the creature which diminishes in the order M, F and N.

Also see the following pairs of nouns that show semantic associations with size:

| F | N | |
|---|---|---|
| Koyti | Koytul | |
| Pet | Petul | "box" |
| Pal | Palut | "lizard" |
| Ptnts | Ptnsul | "jackfruit" |
| Fon | Fonkul | "hole" |
| Waro | Ware | "wind" |
| Ghtd | ghodawle | "banana bunch" |

-ul and -ut in the neuter nouns above are diminuitive suffixes and all diminuitive noun forms are neuter in Konkani.

### III. tstli, bayl and the gender-shift

tstli which means both "girl" and "daughter" functions in Konkani both as a feminine and a neuter noun. A close scrutiny of the phonetic form of the word together with its semantic content would assign tstli to the feminine :

honetically being an I - ending noun tstli should belong ither to masculine or to feminine gender, and semantically eing a female human being, a noun very high up on the ale of animacy, it cannot belong to the masculine gender. hus feminine seems to be the gender of tstli. But other onsiderations that are crucial in determining the gender of noun reveal that tstli is both a feminine and a neuter noun : e mhahe tstli or hi mhthi tstli "this is my daughter"; mhaje stli watle or mhaji tstli wttli "my daughter will go" are all rammatical sentences. This, however, does not hold true or the plural of tstli - tstlyo. All the three formal onsiderations of phonetic shape, pronominal choice and oncord show that tstlyo belongs only to the feminine ender: it has the feminine plural suffix - o and the rammatical relationships of concord `and pronominal hoice associated with tstlyo are also of the feminine type g. - mhtjyo tstlyo aylyo/tyo aylyo "my daughter ame/they came" alone is grammatical. mhtji tstlyo ayli is n ill-formed sentence. Thus we have here a queer case of a noun whose singular and plural forms are not fully grammatically congruent.

The complexity of tstli does not end with this. Although the Common Noun tstli has two genders, all Proper Nouns for tstli belong to only one gender- the neuter. Whereas mhaje tstli ayle and mhtji tstli ayli are both grammatical and approrpriate the same does not hold when the Common Noun tstli is replaced by a Proper Noun. eg. gayatri ayle and gayatri ayli are both grammatically correct but gayatri ayle alone is appropriate in the context of tstli. This convention not in any way less grammatical or "grammatically inferior" to the convention that associates gender with the phonetic form of the noun, introduces a flexibility in the gender system of the language by allowing

nouns feminine in form to take on the neuter ge
without altering their form. kallyani, gayatri, ltksimi, ra
savita, pramila etc. turn neuter when referring to tstli.

Similarly, of the two sets of vocative particles a
go and age....ge available for female human nouns, ago
alone is used for tstli and the Proper Nouns for tstli. age
is used only to refer to a bayl "woman, wife".

A bayl is defined both in terms of age and the ma
status, more in terms of the latter. Socially, a tstl
marrying overnight becomes a bayl and becomes elig
for age....ge. Whereas a young unmarried girl canno
addressed with age....ge a middle aged or an old spinst
generally so addressed. A bayl can also be addressed
ago....go. And, the Proper Nouns for bayl alternate betw
feminine and neuter genders. (However, Proper Nouns
sewte, mogre abole dure ktsture that are ne
phonetically, belong only to the neuter gender.)

The factor of distance whether in a relationship c
age or that between social groups govens
feminine/neuter alternation in the gender of the Pro
Nouns for ba:yl. Neuter implies less personal distance
informality or intimacy in a relationship or juniority in
(of the addressed) or low social status (attributed to
addressed). Feminine implies more personal distanc
Formality or respect in a relationship or, seniority in age
the addressed) or a higher social status (attributed to
addressed.)

A husband usually addresses the wife in the ne
which conveys both, an intimacy and an informal natur
the relationship and also juiority (of the addressed)
'traditional' husband, however, addresses the wife in
feminine which implies a certain degree of formality in

ationship and also a certain status, awareness. This dress pattern which was more common in the former nes is prevalent today only in the older generations. isbands of the new generations almost invariably address eir wives in the neuter.

A married daughter although she is socially entitled femininehood is addressed by her parents always in the uter. To a certain extent this also holds true today in the se of a daughter-in-law who was traditionally addressed the faminine by her parents-in-law. In this instance and o in the one given above we see a change in the mode of atedness mirrored in a linguistic change : choice of nder.

A child usually addresses her/his mother in the ninine which conveys seniority of the addressed. Some ildren address their mothers in the neuter which conveys informality and intimacy in the relationship.

Neuter is the gender of address among peers. Here ain it indicates informality and intimacy.

Female prostitutes are always addressed in the uter. Neuter in this case indicates a taken-for-granted ormality and intimacy that is socially linked with low tus.

Bayl also has a neuter plural associated with it - bayla oman" besides its regular feminine plural baylo. Bayla is collective plural which by definition is a plural form erring generally to a particular class of animate beings. llective plurals are generally understood a being sex utral like mhtsra "buffaloes", gorwa "cattle", pora ildren", kutri "dogs", bhurgi "children", mtnsa "human ings" etc. bayla seems to be the only collective plural that s a single sex-specific non-neutral correlate.

The gender alṭernation around tstli and bayl
be charted as below :

| tstli | | bayl | | Nature of Alterna |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Common | sg | F,N | F | Freely Varying |
| Noun | pc | F | FN | |
| Proper | | N | FN | Conditioned |
| Noun | | | | |

The neuter gender often conveys derogatio
abuse. Words like dztddul, ranul, gawdul, kalkut whi
neutrized dimunitive forms of dztddi "old", ran "wi
gawdi "a gawsa woman" and Kali "dark" are ȧbusives
for women. Neuter works like sune, ratn saweg ạjagol
bhtyrup are abusives that are used both for wome
men.

The masculine, feminine vs. the neuter oppo
could once again be read as "big" vs. "small" oppo
where neuter represents "smallness" in size, distanc
esteem. The extreme case of low esteem woul
derogation.

IV. These observations on Konkani gender-
bearing on tstli, bayl and the feminine/Neuter gender
in particular, suggest that gender within a human co
does not function merely as a singular 'class-lab
unfolds a structure of social meanings and per
attitudes. The choice of gender especially in the cont
female humans reveals who relates and is allowed to
to whom and in what way. Neuter seems to be
paradoxical gender here in that it may mean opposit
respectful inclusion and also a disprespectful excl

epending upon the social made of relatedness and the titudes of the speaker.

**ote:-**

lthough the word tstli exists only in the Brahmin dialects f Konkani, other dialects are not devoid of the minine/neuter gender alternation in the feminine context. ach Konkani dialect seems to have its own specific gender ode while referring to women. This in itself should be a scinating subject for an elaborate and a comparative emio-grammatical study.

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PRAJAL SAKHARDANDE

# GOA THROUGH PRE-HISTORIC AGES

Goa has a long and a chequered history running into t
phases viz:-

Pre-History, Proto History and the Historic Pe
Broadly Goa's history is roughly bracketed having t
eras-Pre-Portuguese, Portuguese and Post Libera
era.Various opinions are available on the ab
mentioned latter classification being judged as a Colo
interpretation of history.Palaeolithic-Neolit
Chalcolithic-Age of Metals are also seen as the dis
phases in Goa's history.

**Pre-History of Goa:**

The geological history of Goa speaks of
Anmod and the Palolem rock formations as the oldes
Goa.

## PALAEOLITHIC- MESOLITHIC-MEGALITHIC AGES OF GOA:

The explorations carried out in Goa by the ASI(IAR,1964,8-9) yielded the first early Palaeolithic tool from Goa. A single unifacial chopper was reported from Shigao on river Dughsagar in the Sanguem taluka. This survey brought to light two middle palaeolithic sites as well at Arali and Fatorpa and a large number of mesolithic sites on the coastal region. Rao (1978) discovered a mesolithic site at Rivona again in the Sanguem taluka. A survey of Mandovi and Zuari basins (Marathe, 1983) yielded early palaeolithic sites with choppers and scrappers and a few mesolithic sites.

## SHIGAO:

Shigao is a village located in the Sanguem taluka in the sub-ghat region on the banks of river Dudhsagar, 3 kms west of Collem railway station. The area is sparsely forested with small hills at a few places. Quartz and quartzite, the raw material for tools are abunduntly available in the form of pebble beds.

As mentioned earlier, a single unifacial chopper made on pebble was found near Shigao from the conglomerate bed resting on laterite. Recently, Goddellar and Korisettar (1993) have reported the discovery of Acheulian bifaces from Shigao, Tambdi Surla (Sanguem taluka) and Bimbal, Sonavli in the Sattari taluka early Goans - came from the Malaprabha-Mhadei-Kushawati belt and established settlements along these rivers which were Goa's earliest River Valley civilizations like the Mhadei river valley civilization, the Kushawati river valley civilizations .

The various other Pre-historic sites in Goa are Molanguinim cave site, 3 kms from Cuncolim in Salc Sanguem Cave, Diwar Cave, Cave on the Kundaim s (7th Cen.A.D.), Hadkolan Cave, Aquem-Margao Cave.

The Pre-historic 'petroglyph' (rock-art) sites Goa on the banks of the Kushawati river are Uzgalir Pansaimol in Sanguem and at Kazur in the Quep taluka. At Pirna in the Quepem taluka were discove the petroglyphs of a matriarchial system of Goa. At Mauxi or Mhaus village on the rocks at the Zarmein ri bed in the Sattari taluka are seen the petroglyphs of antelope, trident etc. At Verna, you come across a h monolith of a nude Mother Goddess originally founc Curdi in the Sanguem taluka.

From all these findings one is tempted conclude that Goa had a very rich pre-historic civilizat and culture. We could call it the Dudhsagar river val civilization and the Kushawati river valley Civilization Sanguem.

Earliest Pre-Dravidian Tribes of Goa: Hebba Kharwis (Kols), Dravidians (Kush), Gawdas, Kulawac Kulambis (Kunbis), Velips, Dhangars, Gavlis, Mha these with the exception of the Dhangars were the Pro Australoid Mundari races collectively called as t 'Konks' from the language 'Konkani' that they spol These tribes gave to Goa a very rich and a vibrant cultu as represented by their socio-economic political set up the 'Gaunkaris' (Village Communities), the Gaunponn (t earliest form of the Panchayat system of Goa), their fo dances and songs like the Gawda Jagor, Kunbi naac Dhalo, Gudulyan geet, Gavan kani Dhangar naach, Per Jagor, their folk deities, the Santer as represented by t

roinn (ant-hill), Betal, Makagi, Malkhajan, Barazan, Devchar (spirit), Ravalnath, Paikdev etc., their 'maand' where the Shigmo began. They were the owners of the lands collectively.

They grew the paddy, the nachni. They had the 'ukdo' rice (par-boiled rice), 'kodi' (fish curry), tor (raw mango), Kharein (salted mackeral or other fish) and had the ambil and pez as the breakfast at 11a.m. They lived in houses made of mud, dried coconut palms, smeared with cowdung. They planted the sacred basil plant in their small 'angans' outside their houses. They used the earthern utensils like the 'kuinem' for curry, 'budkulo' or 'modki' for rice, 'maat' for water.

The Kharwis who lived along the Coastal belt of Goa used their 'rampon' (the fishing net) to catch fish. They were also known as kols meaning kolis and kharwis where the etymological root of the word 'khar' meaning salty due to the nature of their occupation.

The Gawda-Kulwadis-Velips were the tillers of the soil. They were also the owners of the land under the self-sufficient democratic Gaunkari set up of Goa and were known as 'Gaunkars'. There were no castes or classes. The class-caste system came to Goa with the arrival of the Aryans.

The diet of early Goans was shaped by the topography of the place. The sea and the rivers gave plentiful of fish specially the 'bangde', the coconut and the rice plantation was suitable for the tropical Goan climate as Goa is situated on the West Coast of India. The coastal climate and the soil being excellent for the paddy cultivation of the Corgut, Xitto, types of rice. They devised the unique way of irrigation, built 'bunds' or

'sluice gates' and reclaimed land. The Khazans of Goa excellent examples of these. The Gawda, Kunbi men w the 'cashti' and the 'kambol' and the headgear cal 'mundaso'. The Kharwi men wore a short red check cloth around their waist that is the cashti. The Gaw Kunbi women wore the five yard saree in the 'cas' sty The Kunbi women wore very often the red checked sa in the 'dentli' style. The Gawda and the Kunbi and Dhangar women did not wear the bodice but tied th sarees in the knot at the shoulder called the 'dentli' as sa above. The Kharwi women were fond of ornaments. T Gawda- Kunbi women wore beads, necklaces, bangles.

The Dhangars lived in the huts which had t stables where they tended goats, cattle, sheep. T Dhangars are predominantly found in the Sattari taluka Goa.

**Dravidians:** This race existed as an independent race Goa since the earliest times. They gave Goa a rich cultur heritage. The worship of the Shivling was their importa religious facet.

**Arrival of the ARYANS in Goa (c. 2500 B.C.):**

There are diverse opinions expressed on th origins of the home of the Aryans that came to Goa. Th Aryans brought with them their caste system with the castes like the Brahmins divided into variou Communities like the Gawd Saraswat Brahmins (GSB's the Bhats like the Karhadi Bhats, Pandhye Bhats, th Deshastha, the Konkanastha, the Chitpawani variety, th Kshyatriyas, the Vaishyas and they began to treat th Gawdas-Kunbis, Kharwis, Mhars, Bhangis, Dhangar

Velips as Shudras. The Aryans colonised the Gaunkaris and became the Gaunkars and they became the owners of the land in the villages and became the 'Zonkars' (the receivers of the annual share of the revenue of the village). The Gawdas, Kulambis (Kunbis) became mere tillers of their own lands which now were usurped by the Aryans. The land relations, social relations and everything else in the 'Gaunkaris' underwent a change. The original settlers became mere tillers of the new tillers who became the new landlords. A feudal set up emerged. The social relations were not of the friction or conflict but of master subordinate one. Hereditary Caste occupations were part of the Aryan socio-economic set up. Of course, a number of sub-castes within the main castes were as a result of gradual changes that came about in the social structure. Goa therefore has a very complex caste structure as a result of its history.

According to one theory the Gawd Saraswats have migrated to Goa from the Gaud region of Bengal turning Westwards along the Saraswati river ( now dried up) and from Gujarat, Maharashtra to Goa. Similarities can be thus drawn between Konkani and Bengali, Assamese and Konkani and the names like Guwahati rhyming with Goa. The deity of Shantadurga brought by the Gaud Saraswats from Tirhut in Bihar next door to Bengal. Durga being the deity of the Bengalis. Certain Konkani and the Bengali words are common like the 'Ekto' ( for single) tumi (for you all), ami (for us), bos (to sit) etc. Goa's kodi or hooman (fishcurry) and the Bengali's 'macharzhol'.

There is a lot of similarity between Bihar's Santhals (tribes) and Goa's Gawdas. Similarities can be also drawn from the etymological roots of the tribal and

community names like is Gawda come from Gaud (reg
of Bengal) or did the Saraswats a Brahmin Commun
called themselves as Gauds using the name of the origi
settlers Gawdas and used Saraswats to distinguish th
from the Gawdas of Goa. Has the name Goa come fr
Gauds or Gawdas ? as they have the same strain of 'Ga
or 'Gau'. Does Goa mean the land of the Gawdas? Or ha
the Gawdas also come from the Gaud region of Benga
or are the Gawdas and the Gaud Saraswats original
Goa and have not migrated from
outside ?

These are open debatable speculations. Th
could open a pandora's box. I am raising the
speculations due to the etymology, linguistic and cultur
similarities. They are open to criticism. The Saraswa
have their ancestors or mulpurush as Lom or Lome
Sharma, Dev Sharma. Here Sharma is a suffix added
the name as a mark of respect to the person like now w
have in Konkani the suffix called 'bab' or it began as
surname of people who migrated from the north of ou
country as the surname Sharma, Verma and
names like Dev, Lom or Lomesh common up north
India.

However, there is absolutely no doubt in the fa
that Goa received a very rich culture and civilization fro
the Aryans. The caste system of Aryans brought abo
discriminations in the Goan social structure. The Arya
wore the 'pudvem' 'and went bare chested. The Arya
women wore the 'nav-vari'(nine-yard saree), cho
(blouse). The Bhats did not consume fish but the rest
the Aryan communities or caste consumed fish. Th
houses of the Brahmins- the Bhats and the Saraswats wer

entred around a courtyard known as the 'angan' or ajangan' with 'chowkis' (passages) around it flanked by a rge number of rooms. In the centre of the 'angan' was ne tulsi plant. There was a kitchen room known as the andchikud'. Every house had a well.

Thousands and thousand years, Goa had an ndependent socio-economic political set up known as the Gaunkaris' (Village Communities) run by their respective Gaunponns'( Village Council) which met at the village naand' or under a banyan, mango tree. This was known s the Panchayat, Gramsabha meeting where important ecisions pertaining to the villages were taken.

The Gaunkaris were self sufficient where all the eeds of the village were met. A number of caste ccupations were practiced like the potters, washerman, obler, carpenters, barbers, scavengers each catering to the pecific needs in the village.

These were times sans Kings, palaces, nobles, ueens, princes, princesses, battles, wars, conquests.

Thousands of years went by and when we rrived at to the 4th Century B.C., we saw the advent of ne dynastic politics in Goa.

Goa entered a new era. A new phase in the istory of Goa.

## DYNASTIC POLITICS IN GOA

A series of dynasties ruled over Goa. They came rom different parts of our country predominating from Karnataka and Maharashtra. The knowledge of Goa's arliest dynastic politics comes through mainly from the rchaeological sources.

MAURYAS (322 B.C.-185 B.C.):

Mauryas were the first dynasty which created India's empire and gave India her first historically kn Emperor Chandragupta Maurya. Tracing etymolog roots of Goa's first Capital ancient Chandrapur (mod Chandor) in the Salcete taluka of Goa also known in B inscriptions as Chandramandal or Chandraura Chandrawadi point either to Chandragupta Maurya King Chandravarman of the Konkan Mauryas or to L Chandreshwar, the deity of the Bhoja rulers of C Whether Jainism, Buddism travelled to Goa dur Chandragupta Mauryas who was a convert to Jainism a had travelled upto Mysore along with the Jain m Bhadrabhau and Buddism during Emperor Asho period is again a matter of debate. But we do f references made to Buddist monks like Purna or Pur living in the Rishivan (Rivona) cave and Buddist caves the Bhoja period at Harvalem, Lamgao in the Bichol taluka of the 6th-7th Century A.D. At Kothambi again the Bicholim taluka outside the Chandreshwar temp one finds the image of a Jain monk in a meditating po One also speculates on the etymology of place names l Moira in the Bardez taluka whether it has come do from the Mauryas or Moira has come from Moir, corruption of Moor as a reference to the Muslims in G who are addressed as 'Moir'. The Mauryas ruled fro their capital Pataliputra (modern Patna) in Magha (Bihar).

SATAVAHANAS(50 b.c.-250 A.D.):

The Satavahanas or the Andhras gave India their fi

oman ruler and that was Queen Nagannika. It was Rev. reedom. Henry Heras while carrying out the excavations : Chandrapur or Chandor found the ruins of a ancient nd-3rd Century A.D. temple probably dating to the atvahana period over which today stands the ruined 11th entury Shiva temple built by the Kadambas with a iutilated Nandi. A coin of the Satvahanas was found ere. The famous Satvahana King Gautamiputra Satakarni iust have brought Goa under his control during his onquest of the Konkan. The Satvahanas had their Capital : Pratishtan (modern Paithan) in Maharashtra.

HUTTUS (250 A.D.-4th Cen. A.D.):

huttus from Karnataka ruled over Cuncolim(Salcete), alli (Quepem) and Canacona. These were petty iieftains.

SHATRAPAS:

rom Gujarat brought Goa under their control in the year 50 A.D.

.BHIRAS:

rom Maharashtra ruled over Goa in the 3rd Century .D.

RIKUTAS OR TRAIKOOTAKAS:

rom Maharashtra ruled some pockets of Goa from 456 .D.-492 A.D.

ALACHURIS:

Ruled from Madhya Pradesh in some pockets of Go
416 A.D.-6th Cen.A.D.

NAGAS:

Were petty cheiftains who ruled some pockets of Goa.

BHOJAS:

From the Karwar or the Uttar Kannada region
Karnataka and the Konkan held sway over Goa from
4th Cen. A.D. The Bhojas are the first dynasty of which
have inscriptional evidence in the form of the Band
and Shiroda Copper plate inscriptions wh
commemorate the grants of the Bhojas to some lear
Brahmins like Govindswami wherein we get reference
Chandrapur as Chandramandal. Devraja Bhoja was
first king. Prithvimallavarman was another well kno
Bhoja king who is referred in the Copper plate inscript
where reference is also made to the Parvat or the Par
hill near Cuncolim-Salcete on which the Bhojas built
Chandreshwar-Bhutnath temple. The hill is now kno
as the Chandranath parvat. The temple was built in
6th or the 7th Cen.A.D. The Kadambas had re-built
temple. The other Bhoja Kings were Prabhaka
Asankitavarman, Kapolivarman.

Of the Bhoja heritage in Goa includes the abo
mentioned Chandreshwar-Bhutnath temple, the Bh
Buddhist Caves at Harvalem in the Bicholim taluka a
their fort at Chandor which was their Capital.

The Bhojas had a well organised administrati
machinery in Goa. Inscription of the Bhoja period can
seen on the Shivling at Harvalem. The Bhojas also h

lgaum and Dharwad under their control.

AIKEYAS :

ney were petty rulers who ruled Bicholim island of wadi or Deepawati, Dvipavati or Dipawatika.

ONKAN MAURYAS:

ney were perhaps the descendants of the original auryas settled in Konkan. They defeated the Bhojas and ptured Goa and began to rule from Chandrapur. The ell known Konkan Maurya Kings were Chandravarman, nirjitvarman. They ruled Goa in the 7th Cen. A.D.

UPTAS:

e do not know for certain whether the Guptas ruled ver Goa or not.

ENDRAKAS:

uled over Bicholim, Diwar.

HALUKYAS OF BADAMI:

uled Goa from the 6th century A.D. to the 8th century D. and left a rich legacy of art, architecture in the form the religious sculptures, temples.

ne first woman ruler of Goa came from this dynasty and at was Queen Vijayabhattarika or Vijayamahadevi, ughter-in-law of the famous Badami Chalukya King ulakeshin II. There is an inscriptional evidence to prove at she had Goa under her control. We find evidences of e beautiful sculpture of the Chalukya period at

Zarmein, Corgao. It is also belived that Chandrapur m
have got its name from the King Chandraditya, husb
of Queen Vijayabhattarika.

RASHTRAKOOTAS:

Of Malkhed (Maharashatra) ruled over Goa in the
Century A.D. Lattalpur (Loutolim in Salcete taluka)
one of the Rashtrakoota headquarters in Goa.

SHILAHARAS:

They were basically from Maharashtra and had Kon
under their sway.Two branches of their family namely
South Konkan Shilaharas and the North Konk
Shilaharas ruled over Goa between the 8th-10th cent
A.D. and till the early 11th Cen. A.D. respectively.

Shanaphulla was the founder of the Goa Shilahara hou
He ruled from 765-795 A.D. The other Shilahara Ki
were King Dhamuriyara (795-820 A.D.), King Aiyapara
(820A.D.-845 A.D.), King Adityavarman (870A.D.-8
A.D.), King AvasaraII (895-920 A.D.), King Indraraja (9
946 A.D., King Bhima (946-970 A.D.) King Avasara
(970-995 A.D.), King Rattaraja (995-1010 A.D.)

It is a matter of debate whether the South Konk
Shilaharas had their Capital at Velim in Salcette or Balli
the Quepem taluka. They also had their headquarters
Govapuri-Gopakapattana (Goa Velha) which was
flourishing trade centre where traders from all parts of t
world flocked to. Whether Shennoy Goembab
Vallipattan is Velim or Balli is again a matter
controversy. Shennoy Goembab, the Konkani scholar sa
that the Shilahara Capital was Vallipattana and it is Ba

the Quepem taluka. We also hear of Walawal in wantwadi or Wadhawal in the Bicholim taluka where e biggest Shivling of Goa is located was the Shilahara apital. Whether South Konkan Shilahara or North onkan Shilahara, it is not certain. The Mahalaxmi temple Netravallim in the Sanguem taluka is dated to the ilahara period. So also, the Bandora Mahalaxmi. The outh Konkan and the North Konkan Shilaharas were efeated by the Kadambas.

HE GOA KADAMBAS:(11th-mid 14th Cen. A.D.)

ne Kadambas were originally from the Talgunda village the Shimoga taluka of the Uttar Kannada or the North anara district of Karnataka. They spoke the Kannada nguage. The founder of the original Kadamba dynasty as Mayurvarman or Mayursharman or Trilochana adamba in the 4th Cen. A.D. Later, the original family anched into various families like the Hangal Kadambas, cchagi Kadambas, Bayalnad Kadambas, Banvasi adambas, Goa Kadambas etc. The Goa Kadambas were tually a branch of the Banvasi Kadambas. Banvasi is a wn 10 kms from Sirsi in the Karwar or Uttar Kannada istrict.

uhalladeva I founded the Goa Kadamba branch by pturing Chandrapur (Chandor) from the South Konkan ilaharas, Guhalladeva I ruled from circa 980-1008 A.D. he Goa Kadambas adopted 'simhalanchana' (lion nblem). Their 'kuladaivat' (family deity) was Lord aptakoteshwar and their official and spoken language as Hallekannad. Thus, majority of their inscriptions und in Goa and elsewhere in Karnataka are in the allekannad script. Guhalladeva might be the Lord of

Goa, Gu might be Goan halli-village deva-Lord.

Guhalladeva I was followed or succeeded by his dy
son Shasthadeva II. Shashthadeva meaning 'Lord
Ocean'. He conquered the island of Tiswadi fro
North Konkan Shilahara King Chittaraja in the 11t
and brought it under his control. His famous Quee
Akkadevi. He brought the whole of the Konkan
under his thumb. He went on a pilgrimage
Somnath temple in Gujarat. His official Kalapa K
was incharge of the administration of Panaji and Ka
(St. Cruz) which is believed to be named after hi
ruled from 1008-1052 A.D. Shashthadeva II was succ
by his son Jayakeshi I. Jayakeshi I ruled from 105
A.D. He made the port city of Govapuri-Gopakapa
his chief Capital and began to reside there. He bu
famous Rajbid or Rajvithi (royal Kadamba road) li
Pilar-Goa Velha to Ela which still exists. He bui
palace the site which still is seen on the Panaji-M
road at Pilar. Jayakeshi I too was known as the lord
Konkan. He beautified the city of Govapuri (Goa V
which was a huge Capital port city running fron
slopes of Bhomhalli (Bambolim) to Agastipur (Aga
including Siridao, Paliem, Batim, Kurka, Talaulim, C
Maula, Gauxim, Neura, Pilar, Goa Velha, proper etc.

He killed the Kadamba feudatory North Ko
Shilahara King. He appointed an Arab trader Sadha
Chaddam as his Prime Minister and granted hin
village of Laghoomorambika (Merces) for the purpo
the construction of a mosque and also the villag
Chimbel. Thus, Merces in Portuguese means grant.

Trade and commerce flourished at Govapuri durin
reign. There was merchant Navy too.

ıyakeshi I built a powerful navy with the help of his .rab prime minister.

he Kadambas were the first to build a navy in Goa in the 1th Century.

ıyakeshi I is considered as the greatest of the Kadamba ulers. The 'kuzmorayachem tallem' of Pilar, the now xtinct Chamundeshwari temple at Pilar, the Goveshwar emples might have been constructed during his reign. Arabs carried out trade at Govapuri-Gopakapattana and Goa's fame and name as emporium on the West Coast of ndia spread far and wide as far as Kuwait, Arab lands, east African Coast, Rome, Zanzibar, Srilanka etc. Horses, pices were the chief items of the import and export espectively. *His Panaji Copper plate is available. ayakeshi I was succeeded by his son Guhalladeva II 1081-1125) also styled as Tribhuvanamalla 'Lord of the hree Worlds'. Guhalladeva II however did not excel in he military generalship like his illustrious father. His official Gandagopal Kelima is referred in the Panaji Copper Plate dated February 7, 1107 A.D. as a man of charitable deeds (purta dharmas). He was in-charge of Panaji. He constructed a sacred tank at Batim called the Gandagopal tank which had religious significance. Guhalladeva II shared powers with his brother Vijayaditya I. Guhalladeva II was succeeded by his son ayakeshi II who is described as 'Konkan Chakravarthi'. He became the master of a vast Konkan empire reaching the borders of Thana in the north of Konkan to the South of Canara in the south of Konkan. Eastern parts of Belgaum and Dharwad districts were also under his control. Mailaladevi was his Queen. He had attacked the Hoysalas of Karnataka. He ruled from 1125-1148 A.D. and was succeeded by his eldest son Permar or Permadideva

who was a Shivachitta and hence took up the royal
Shivachitta Permadideva described as 'Lord o
Western Ocean' in one of his inscriptions. Durir
reign, the Kadambas had already become a form
naval power. His famous Queen was Kamala
Shivachitta Permadideva ruled from 1148-1181.

## QUEEN KAMALADEVI - 'Golden Age of Goa'

Kamladevi was a great queen who almost shared
powers with her husband. The name of this great qu
enshrined in golden letters in golden leaves of
history. Her contribution in the cultural field in G
worthy of admiration and appreciation. The peric
King Shivachitta Permadideva and Queen Kamladev
be truly regarded as 'the Golden Age of ·Goa'. Q
Kamladevi has left a rich heritage of beautiful schist
temples in Goa and outside Goa. The temples constru
during her reign include the Saptakoteshwar and
Ganapati temple on the island of Diwar (Tisw
Kamleshwar Borim, Mahadev Tambdi Surla, Kamla
Karmali, Brahmapuri at Ela, Saptakoteshwar at Opa.

She generously encouraged socio-cultural and educati
institutions. With the help of her husband, she establis
'agraharas' (higher educational institutions) throug
her kingdom. She established 'brahmapuris' tha
settlement of brahmins.The 'agraharas' and
'brahmapuris' taught the Vedas, Vedangas, Ny
Mimansa, Sankhya, Yoga, Puranas, Smriti, Itih
Sanskrit, Jyotishya, Vidnyan and so on.

It appears that for the first time, a large number of pu
received the benefit of education which hitherto wa
monopoly of a few pandits and Brahmin boys.

Queen Kamladevi actively participated in the administration of her Kingdom. Her subjects venerated her like a goddess.

For King Shivchitta Permadideva, Kamladevi was the object of his love, admiration and respect. She was his 'Pattarani' (Chief Queen).

Kamladevi was a Pandyan Princess. She belonged to the royal family of the Pandyas of Madura which meant, she was a Tamilian by birth.

The finest heritage monument left by this enlightened Kadamba Queen in Goa was the famous Mahadev temple of Tambdi Surla in the Sanguem taluka located on the banks of the tributory of Mhadei river called the Ragada. The Tambdi Surla temple is built of the talc-chlorite schist (soap-stone) of the metamorphic rock family and is a perfect example of the Kalyani Chalukya-Hoysala - Kadamba style of architecture of the 12th Century. This small yet beautiful and elegant temple was completed in the year 1175-76 . Kamladevi left temples at Degamve - the Kamal-Narayan temple. She is symbolised as the 8 petalled lotus ('ashtadalkamala') and in her name as Kamleshwar, Kamal-Narayan are her temples in Goa and outside.

Shivachitta and Kamladevi are depicted on many a small and big stone sculptures like at Zarmein in Sattari. They are seen riding an elephant. On a panel showing the Gajalaxmi. At Kamalahalli or Kadambahalli or Karmali, Queen Kamaladevi is venerated as Goddess Kamlavati where elderly villagers point to a stone relic and tell me that it is 'kamladevichi basti'. It was perhaps during the Kadamba reign that the Brahma temple was built in Karmali village in the Tiswadi taluka which was shifted to

the Sattari taluka fearing desecration by the Portugue the 16th Century at a place or a hamlet which tod known as BrahmaKarmali at Sattari housing the beau black stone image of Brahma in a standing pos carved during the Kadamba period or some say earlier during the Badami Chalukya period.

Shivachitta Permadideva died in about 1181 probably without a male heir and he was succeede his brother Vijayaditya II.

During the Kadamba period, we find the Kadan during many periods were subjugated by the Kal Chalukyas, Kalachuris, Hangal Kadambas, Hoys Yadavas and the Kadambas had to accept their vassal on many occasions. There were also periods when fo practical purposes, the Kadambas were autonom during the periods of powerful kings like Jayakesh Jayakeshi II, Shivachitta Permadideva.

After the Yadava conquest of Goa, we see the declin the Kadamba power in the 13th Century. So much so the Kadamba King Shashthadeva III had to take the h of his brother-in-law, the Ratta Chief of Saund Kingdom Kamdeva to regain his lost throne and fr then onwards, after the death of Shashthadeva III, w died without a male heir Kamdev began to rule over in the name of the Kadambas.

## MEDIEVAL GOA:

### MUSLIM INVASIONS:

The 14th Century Goa saw the Muslim invasions from north as well as the south. In 1310-11, the general of Sultan Alauddin Khilji of Delhi by name Malik Ka

attacked Goa. He sacked the Capital city of Govapuri-Gopakapattana and destroyed the Chamundeshwari temple at Pilar whose tank still survives there. Thus the Chamundeshwari deity was shifted to Vargaon-Pilgaon in the Bicholim taluka in the 14th Century. The Ratta Kadamba King shifted his capital back to Chandor.

Next came the invasion of Sultan Mahammad-bin-Tughlaq of Delhi who sent his forces to invade Goa in the year 1327. The Tughlaq forces attacked Chandrapur, destroyed the 11th Century Shiva temple built by the Kadambas below the debris of which a coin of Sultan Mohammad-bin-Tughlaq was found by Fr Henry Heras while carrying out excavations at that site. You can still see a mutilated Nandi there. The Kadamba Queen committed suicide by jumping in the Kushavati river and her legendary curse to the Chandor women was they become widows. A Copper coin of Mohammad-Bin-Tughlaq was found at Govapuri and is now preserved in the Pilar museum.

Another Muslim invasion was of the Nawab of Honnavar Jamal-ud-Din in 1344.The Ratta Kadamba King at that time was King Viravarma or Biravarma who fought against the Nawab.

The Kadamba power was on the decline however Biravarma managed to recover his lost Kingdom from the Nawab.

## BAHMANI RULE OVER GOA :

The Bahmani Kingdom was established by Hasan Gangu Bahmani in August 1347. He took up the title as Sultan Alauddin Abul Muzaffar Hasan Bahmani Shah. It was the first major Muslim Kingdom of the South. Sultan

Alauddin Bahman Shah conquered Goa from Kadambas in 1356 and made the Goa Kadambas feudatories and established his headquarters at Gova Goa became a shuttle between two powers in 14th –15th centuries namely the Vijayanagara and Bahmanis followed by the the Adilshahi rule over

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PRAKASH KAMAT

# RIGHT TO INFORMATION ACT - BUREAUCRACY NEEDS TO BE MORE OPEN

Goa happens to be one of the early states which ıacted a legislation giving right of information to its tizens. But making of the Right to Information Act (RIA) ıore citizen friendly remains a constant endeavour of the igilant citizens.

Ms. Albertina Almeida of Bailancho Saad who was a ıember of the first information Council formed under the ct opines that the state governments have not been very ıthusiastic about this aspect of making the Act citizen iendly. " The council in which I was a member hardly met ıd whenever it indeed, very little concrete suggestions to ıake the Act effective were seriously debated", she says.

The first council was formulated under the Act by ıe erstwhile Congress(I) government led by Mr. ratapsing Rane who got the RIA legislation enacted in 1997 fter deletion of a draconian anti-press freedom provision ɔllowing a prolonged agitation by media and citizens'

groups.

"Avoid Forms-they provide a handle to re application ('not complete', 'incorrectly filled in', properly authorised', etc, etc.), quickly become a busin and you are at the mercy of the concerned department to one! A simple letter is best," suggests Mr. Farhad Sorabje legal expert.

"Goa has notified the departments and authorit Any missing ones should be pushed for", he says and arg that the fees should be kept nominal, if at

The Maharashtra Act has a provision for deduct Rs.2000 from the officer's salary if he/she withhol suppresses information, Goa should have that too. In c of the appellate authority, Maharashtra Act has recourse Lok Ayukta. In case of Goa, to the Administrative Tribur This must be changed. The tribunal, feels Mr. Sorabjee generally a totally unsatisfactory forum. Goa has ombudsman in place. Why not empower him?, he as Moreover, the time limit for appeals should be mandato ('SHALL dispose of'), the present "as far as possible" h been proved to be useless in other fields.

An automatic provision for payment of the "del fines" AT THE TIME OF FURNISHING the informati should be introduced. Failure to do so should lead to a se operative appeal and the appellate forum should be bou to double the fine imposable if the "delay fine" is not pa WITH the information. A list of defaulting officers shou be published in the newspapers every month f transparency and accountability.

Many people still do not know what kind information is available to you under this Act, to whi competent authority you can make an application f

ormation.

One of the good provisions in Goa Act was that if u cannot make a request in writing (for valid reasons), the mpetent authority can accept an oral request? ur information request has to be submitted in English or the State's official language.

The biggest handicap under the Act for getting formation has been the exhaustive list of "exceptions" der which "anything and everything can be denied." me of the exceptions under the Act are:

If the disclosure of the contents would be prejudicial to or affect the sovereignty and integrity of India or security of the State or international relations or public order or administration of Justice or investigation of an offence or lead to incitement to an offence.

Information relating to an individual or other information the disclosure of which has no relationship to any activity of the Government or which will not subserve any public interest and would constitute a clean and unwarranted invasion of personal privacy.

Papers containing advice, opinion, recommendations or minutes submitted to the Governor for discharge of his constitutional functions and any information, the disclosure of which would be prejudicial to or affect the conduct of the Centre-State relations, including information exchanged in confidence between the Centre and the Government or any of their authorities or agencies.

Trade and commercial secrets or any other information protected by Law.

Information, the release of which, would constitute a breach of Parliament or Legislative Assembly privilege,

provided that the competent authority shall, bef
withholding information under this clause, refer
matter to the Legislature Secretariat for determinatior
the issue and act according to the advice tendered by t
Secretariat.

6. Information whose disclosure would endanger the life
physical safety of any person or identify the source
information or assistance given in confidence for la
enforcement or security purposes or in public interest.

But Goa Act has one of the greatest provisions whi
has enormously widened the scope of soliciting informati
by the citizens. Did you know that information that cann
be denied to the State Legislature cannot be denied to a
person?

For the citizen aggrieved over denial of informati
or for delay in furnishing information to him by a
authority under the Act or if you are not satisfied with t
order of the competent authority you have a right to appe
to Administrative Tribunal. The decision of t
Administrative Tribunal shall be final. Here, the citizen ca
expect natural justice as the Act ensures that no ord
adversely affecting any person shall be passed except aft
giving that person a reasonable opportunity of being hear
Moreover, the Act also ensures that every appeal shall b
disposed of as expeditiously as possible and endeavou
shall be made to dispose of the appeal within 30 days fro
the date on which it is presented.

The pre-requisite for any Act promisin
transparency is ready availability of records and extensiv
database. The Act prevails upon every competent authorit
that it shall be under a duty to maintain all its records as pe
its operational requirements, duly catalogued and indexe

d grant access to information, subject to the provisions of s Act, to any citizen requesting for such access. But in lity, the citizens find this far from the truth. Non ailability of the data is the first excuse an authority will nish-mostly orally- to dissuade a citizen from seeking ormation!

The RIA has some provisions which, if strictly plemented, should ensure that the government officials not dare deny proper information to citizens. As for tance, it clearly lays down that any person responsible for oviding any information under this Act shall be rsonally liable for furnishing the information within the riod specified. It goes ahead to provide that where a rson responsible to supply information fails to furnish the ormation asked for under this Act within the time ecified, [or furnishes any information which is false in any terial particulars and which he knows or has reasonable use to believe to be false or does not believe it to be true,] shall be liable, after such inquiry as may be necessary der the service rules applicable to him, for imposition of ch penalties as may be determined by the disciplinary thority under such rules. In addition, the disciplinary thority may order him to pay a fine of Rs. 100/- for every y of delay after the day by which the information is quired to be supplied.

The governments in power pass a number of islations day in and day out. The people know that jority of them are gathering dust in the government files. t the makers of the right to information have also taken equate precautions to ensure that the Act is backed by a dy comprising of people from various fields who will aid d advice the administration in implementation of the islation. With this aspect in mind, the Act has made a

provision for the Government to, by Notification in
Official Gazette, establish with effect from such day
specified in the Notification, a Council to be known as S
Council for Right to Information. The object of the S
Council shall be to promote the right to information in
State. The big question is how effectively this Council
been functioning?

After going through the positive aspects of
legislation, let us try to argue about some of the provisi
which cause hindrance to the citizens when they try
assert their right of information.

Ms. Almeida who is practicing advocate feels t
the processing charge of Rs. 100/- under Goa Act is u
vires the Act and should be dropped unless there is mass
compilation of data involved, not for mere copies
documents in the custody of the Government. She a
supports the need of a detailed mechanism for enforc
penalty.

Recounting her clients experience a couple of ye
back, she said, "My client's application for penalty to
Secretary Village Panchayat of Calangute after getting
order from the Administrative Tribunal directing him
furnish the documents some of which are incidentally s
not furnished."

There is also a suggestion that there must be so
rules framed under the Act. This must include a directior
competent authorities to forward an application r
pertaining to their department, to the concern
department or to at least reply to the applicant stating th
this document doesn't concern their departme
immediately.

There are many examples where the governme

rporations which came into existence late in the day and ere yet to be notified under the list of bodies under the Act ‹e Goa Infrastructure Development Corporation which fuse information or cleverly give no written reply but an al one passing the buck from one corporation to other, one epartment to other. It is a game of sending somebody on a ild goose chase. So much for the transparency!

The corner stone of success of such an act is an haustive database with the government. What happens hen the records are not maintained as supposed to be one? Can this be the best excuse to get away with the poor nplementation of the Act, ask the groups interested in fective implementation of the Act.

Goa's right to Information Act, 1997 needs to be nended on the basis of the Government of India's REEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT, 2002, says Ms. Heta ındit, Heritage activist and a member of Goa Information ouncil.

Ms. Pandit, a member of the State Information ouncil perused the document in consultation with Mr. ırhad Sohrabjee, a senior legal counsel practicing in the igh Court of Bombay and the High Court of Bombay at anaji. Based on her study, she has made some suggestions ith respect to the Right to Information Act, 1997.

Section 2 should include a definition of "Public formation Officer" and wherever the word "Competent uthority" appears in the State Act, these words should be ıbstituted with "Public Information Officer". .

"Public Information Officer" means one or more than ıe Public Information Officer/s appointed forthwith by ery public authority for the purposes of this Act.

Section 4 (2) of the State Act should be substituted by

Section 7 (1) of the Central Act to read as follows:

On receipt of a request under Section 4, the relev Public Information Officer shall, as expeditiously possible, and in any case within thirty days of the receip the request, either provide the information requested payment of such fees as may be prescribed or reject request for any of the reasons specified in this Act.

Provided that where the information sought concerns the life and liberty of the person, the same sho be provided within forty-eight hours of the receipt of request.

Provided further, that where it is decided to prov the information of payment of any further fee represent the cost of providing the information, he/she shall send intimation to the person making the request, giving details of the fees determined by him/her requesting t the fees be deposited and the period intervening betw the dispatch of the said intimation and payment of fees sh be excluded for the purpose of calculating the period thirty days referred to above.

Section 8(2) of the Central Act should incorporated in the State Act to read as follows:

Subject to the provision that the information, disclosure of which, would prejudicially affect sovereignty and integrity of India, the security of the Sta strategic scientific or economic interest of India or the St of Goa or conduct of international and national relatio any information relating to any occurrence, event or mat which has taken place occurred or happened twenty-fi years before the date on which any request is made und Section 4 of the Act shall be provided to any person maki a request under that Section:

Provided that where any question arises as to the ıte from which the said period of twenty-five years has to computed, the decision of the Central Government shall final.

Sections 10 (1) and 10 (2) from the Central Act should incorporated in the State Act to read as follows:

) If a request for access to information is rejected on the ground that it is in relation to information which is exempted from disclosure, then notwithstanding anything contained in this Act, access may be given to that part of the record which does not obtain any information that is exempted from disclosure under this Act and which can reasonably be severed from any part that contains exempted information.

) Where access is granted to a part of the record in accordance with sub-section (1), the person making the request shall be informed :-

(a)that only part of the record requested, after severance of the record containing information which is exempted from disclosure, is being furnished; and

(b) of the provisions of the Act under which the severed part is exempted from disclosure

(c) and the Public Information Officer should provide a brief description of the withheld portion and reasons for withholding the same.

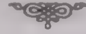
The power to levy a penalty on those officers who ithhold information without valid and reasonable cause ıust be exercised by the Government of Goa to ensure that ıformation is not withheld without a valid reason. Under ection 18 of the Central Act, the State Government may, by

notification in the Official Gazette, make rules to carr
the provisions of this Act. Such a penalty clause m
incorporated in the State Act under this Section 18.

Section 12 (1) to 12 (4) must be incorporated i
State Act with the State provision for failure to provid
information requested.

To conclude, one would like to say that by no m
a mere legislation by itself or a number of amendment
would bring in the transparency in the government. It i
citizens' continuous pressure to implement the legisl
that would bring out the inherent loopholes in the Act
allow those in power and the authorities in
administration a perfect shelter to deny the informatio
successful implementation of such a legislation nee
complete change of mindset of bureaucracy. Tow
openness. Is our bureaucracy prepared for that? That i
moot question.

✦



## Interview with Dr. MANOHARRAI SARDESAI

*Noted poet and scholar*

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### By MUKESH THALI

Q. What is poetry?

I wish I could define a poetry. I'm sorry, I can't. You an recognize a good poem when you read or hear one just s you can feel the goodness of a good person when you are resence of one. A good poem is a matter of taste but it is the iste of a cultivated, intelligent and sensitive being.

Though a good poem cannot be defined, you can urely mention certain traits that go to make a good poem. I iink poetry is the highest form of literature since it xpresses the most in the fewest possible of words. A good oem should possess this quality of terseness, brevity, it hould mean, it should say much more than the sum of its vords.

Poetry is born when words start dancing. A good oem should possess this quality of music and rhythm. It hould be like a *'mantra'*, an incantation that makes your vhole being vibrate with the primeval sound. The word is ie most ethereal and perhaps the most potent medium of

artistic expression - being at the same time a sound, a co
a thought, a feeling and a vision. A good poem sh
possess all these qualities. It should make you think, sh
possess all these qualities. It should make you think, sh
create before your mind's eye colourful images, sh
elevate your heart and reveal to you the beauty and rich
of life. The crux is, besides being inspired, it should
inspire.

Q. What,according to you, is the aim of literature?

Literature has no aim. The aim of literature ha
supposed to have is the aim we impose upon it.

Literature is the product of the mind, it is m
attempt at expressing the world inside him and the w
outside him, through words. Words are not things - w
are merely symbols that express something else. Litera
is an interpretation of life which may or may not influ
our actions. Literature is language . Literature is thou
couched in language. Literature is largely a recreation o
but it is also something more- it is interpretation. I shal
make any distinction between oral and written literatur
the primitive stages of mankind, literature was oral
written literature. In the primitive stages of mank
literature was oral with the advent of the Radio
Television, it has become oral again.

Literature is not life. It is a blurred reflection
creates vibrations of thought according to the intellige
and culture of an individual. It is a reflection of life.
function of language is to make clear what is not. Perh
that is also the function of language. Without langua
without literature there would be darkness in the mind
life.

Q. Do you think Goa of your dreams has come true?

Dreams never come true. Otherwise they would not be called dreams. Nor would I expect Goa to fit in my dreams. Dreams should lead to constant continuous search for reality, for the true, the good and the beautiful. The Poet done his work, it is man of action who should step in, to give the desired shape to the Poet's dream. Sometimes, the reality is too varied and too vast to fit into a dream. For me, Goa is a search, it is a stepping stone words life full, universal and intense.

Q. How Konkani can be taken to grassroots level?

The word grassroot has become a fashionable word that everybody uses like grass. You don't go to the grassroots. The grassroots come to you. We don't go the people, we move with the people. The Konkani is a mass movement, grassroot movement which seeks to grow. We the writers and poets, must help this growth, taking inspiration from the grassroots, from the masses.

Q. Do you think the onslaught of television and the attack of English language has posed any threat to the existence of regional languages?

The onslaught of television, the attack of English language – I don't like these words. What do they mean? Do they mean that we are powerless to make use of these media as we wish to or as we should. Let English language be a companion, an addition, not a master, not a substitute. And the media should be entirely controlled by artists, writers, educationists, dramatists and not by merchants, traders, war-mongers, propagandists. We need English as an international language and as a language of science and

culture. It should, in no way, replace Indian Languages. T
solution or the equation will have to be worked o
intelligently, keeping in mind peace and progress. This is
age of co-existence, co-existence of individuals, societi
nations, religions and political systems. It should also be t
age of co-existence of languages.

Q. What is your advice to budding writers?

A writer is a writer, budding or blossomed. I can gi
them no advice, except this one. Be true to yourself, true
life, true to your language.

Q. What is the need of translations in literature?

Translations are bridges between languages. Mo
bridges are needed and more people who use the bridge
Konkani is making significant progress in this endeavour.

A poem by Manoharrai Sardesai

THE GOAN MANGO

A drop of honey
A splash of gold
The Goan mango.
A bowl of moonlight
A slice of the sun
The Goan mango.
A handful of champas
And of marigold

The Goan mango.
Bright
As the cheeks of a child
Soft
As the lips of the bride
Our wealth, our pride
The Goan mango.
Under the green veil
Full like the breast of a maiden
Sweet seventeen
Shyly bold
The Goan mango.
A song of colours
A juicy poem
A slice of joy
The life of Goa, the golden
The Goan mango.

*Original poem in Konkani is GOENCHO AMBO*

Goencho ambo
Mhonva thembo
Goenchea polear
Bhangra tibo
Goenchea ambeant
Chandnem asa
Suriachem kirnn asa

Amchea mogall zomnintlo
Omrutacho kollso asa
Zaiam-zuiam poros datt
Goenchea ambek dhomdhomat
Bhurgeachea galaporos
Goencho ambo rosroxit
Vhonklechea ontthaporos
Goencho ambo lusluxit
Halot dholot, lozot, moddot
Pachvo podor angar gheta
Sotravem vors futtun
Goemchea ambeant rupak ieta
Goencho ambo rosall kovit
Goencho ambo goenchem jivit.





DILIP BORKAR

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## BUT GASPAR, I AM NOT PAULA...

"Hey, have you seen the,?"

Then have you seen them?"

The white crested wave laughingly said to the bald-eaded black rock as she playfully encircled him.

"Eh, Who...?"

The rock was engrossed in its own thoughts.

"Aṛrey, those two. Look, there, sitting on that bench. ook at them; see how they are exchanging loving words," ad the wave sharply, a little annoyed that the rock was not aying attention. I come all the way from across the seven eas, she thought, bring news from every corner which I ovingly tell him. But this big boor just sits here doing othing. Here he is, sitting all day just next to the shore, but e doesn't even notice what is going on right in front of him!

"Ah, you mean those two," I see them all the time. on't they make a lovely couple? Real love must be like this.

This is the second time I have seen a couple so deeply
love. They live for love; they die for love."

Don't talk of dying. When you talk of lovers dyi
something terrible happens inside me. The other day, th
boys shot and killed that pigeon. I felt so sad. His mate v
left all alone. She was so lonely. And, even now, I can se
front of my eyes that boy Gaspar and the girl Paula. Suc
lovely couple. An ideal love. But this society could r
accept it. Those innocent souls, they paid with their lives
the wave said, with feeling. And the memories that s
raked up touched off a wellspring in the black heart of t
rock. Enveloped in her embrance, the rock consoled t
wave.

"I remember that madman Gaspar and that Pau
held each other tight and jumped onto me. I tried so hard
save them but, try as I might to make myself as soft as wa
in the end, I remained the hard stone I was. I could not sa
them from death. They were shattered into pieces."

"And did I do any less? I could do nothing to sa
them but it was I who first covered their mortal remains s
that their love can be known to the whole wide world,
washed away their blood from your back and carried it
the wide corners of the world. I went around the worl
telling everyone that this was one true love. To this da
their memory lingers on everywhere."

"Yes. Paula's father did a noble thing by giving th
sands of Miramar Gaspar's name. This deed was a
atonement for the injustice done to the couple."

"Do you think that he made Gaspar's name immorta
because he gave his name to the beach? If one could kill
man and then atone for his death by raising a memorial t
him then today one would be able to see nothing bu

memorials on the earth. But we have seen Gaspar's true love. It is this love that has made these two immortal. Really, it was such total loving. Today three or four hundred years have passed but we cannot forget them. And when one sees the other 'lovers' that come to this spot...! They can't even dream of what true love is really all about. Oh, their kissing. Their hands wandering all about each other. an they really distinguish between love and lust?"

"*Shee*. Don't even take their name. I have never seen a true lover after Gaspar. Everyone who comes here is basically interested in sex. I feel driving them out of here; the lot are spoiling the name of Gaspar and Paula," the wave said, leaping up and down excitedly. Paula still exchange confidences when they meet. Like always, today too, they were swapping tales. The rock observed each and every movement on the shore of Dona Paula and waited to tell the wave of it. The wave would wander the seven seas collecting information at each shore she touched, and she would file all this away in her mind to tell the rock when she returned to Dona Paula. Both of them would exchange endless to wander the seven seas, he would feel very, very lonely. It was later that he came into contact with Gaspar and Paula hurled themselves to their death off that very rock and, following this, the boredom returned. It was only much later that the local humans built a memorial to Gaspar and Paula and the spot began attracting thousands of tourists. That was when the place came alive. The lonely rock began to see and hear new tales and accounts from afar, from the wave. Now, hundreds of people would come to Dona Paula to watch the sunset. He saw so many couples who came to see the Zauri river and the Mandovi river moving hand in hand towards the Arabian sea. Watching their various antics, the rock laughed deep within itself.

Their sorrows he confided to the wave when he was deep
her embrace, and could shed tears unembarrassed. Th
joys became his joys. He began to take interest in the going
on of humans. These are our people; their sorrows are ou
and their joys too, the rock and the wave began to think.
many times, the wave laughed wholeheartedly when son
human or the other at the shore cracked a joke. To make t
unmoving black rock laugh, she would tickle him with h
whit foam-flecked fingers.

This interlude between wave and rock had bee
going on for thousands of years. Long before Panaji ci
came into existence; nay, even before life itself sprang up o
those shores. The two have talked about into existence; na
even before life itself sprang up on those shores. The tw
have talked about each and every thing that went on ther
That is how they amused themselves. But one inciden
shocked them deeply - when Gaspar Dias and Paul
committed suicide. The rock was always absorbed in hi
own thoughts, but had never - even in his wildest dreams
anticipated in his own thoughts, but had never - even in hi
wildest dreams - anticipated that the two would take thei
own lives. As the visions of Gaspar and Paula appeared i
his mind's eye, the rock once more began to brood. Tear
welled up in his eyes.

"What are you thinking?"

As the wave asked, her eyes never left the rock. "
was remembering Gaspar. Even today, I can see his gentl
face." "Yes, And I can always see Paula's beautiful visage
glowing with longing for her beloved. Poor things, the
could never be one!"

*****

"Enough now. Why are you looking at me like that

Gaspar, as though you've never seen me before?" Paula blushed as she admonished. Embarrassed, Gasper looked down, averting her gaze.

"Paula when you talk so sweetly and act so kindly, I really forget myself. I feel like setting you down in front of me and gazing at you day and night," said Gaspar, as he looked deep into Paula's blue eyes and gently ran his fingers through her hair, as golden as sunshine.

It had been many, many days now that Gaspar Dias and Paula would secretly meet at this spot to declare their love for each other. Their love affair may had its seeds in the Governor's - in Paula's - palace, but it actually bloomed here, where they came together far from the prying eyes of others. They would sing their song of love to the accompainment of a sweet chorus from the birds, to the eternal rhythm of the waves of the seas. Seeing the myriad colours of the setting sun, it was here that they sketched out the dreams of a lifetime together and coloured them with the vibrant hues of the rain - Gaspar live there, a little further up on the bench. Their household was small; just his father, his mother and he. Gaspar's father was the captain of the Governor's fortress. The governor praised him regularly, calling him a wise and brave captain. A white Portuguese, the governor treated most Goans wore than his dogs, but always behaved with courtesy towards Gaspar's father. Occasionally, their family would even be invited to dinner at the Governor's palace. This was a privilege indeed, in a situation where their entire lifetimes. But the young Gaspar was allowed to be a companion to the Governor's daughter.

Gaspar was like that. So good and wonderful that one would feel instinctively like shielding him from any evil eye. A long, aquiline nose, soft hair, eyes as deep as the

Arabian sea and a ringing, infectious laugh; his laugh was like a gentle shower of flower petals. The other wh Portuguese could not believe this boy had been born int Goan household; that Captain Dias was his father. And t was probably why the governor had chosen Gaspar a childhood for his only daughter, Paula. The bond friendship that was sealed in childhood held even after bo Paula and Gaspar turned into a young woman and a you man. Paula had quite forgotten that she was the daughter the governor general of Goa. Wherever she looke wherever she went, Paula had eyes only for Gaspar.

The governor was alarmed that though his daught had come of age, she continued to spend so much time wi Gaspar. In any case, Paula's behaviour had been nothin short of strange in the recent past. Now, she would be afra of saying that she had been out in Gaspar's company. H reticence itself told the governor all that he needed to know He realised that if he did not put a swift and sure stop to th affair, it would become very difficult to control at a late stage. Dias, the captain of the fortress, received an urgen summons from his excellency, and ordered firmly to ensur that the two were separated. Try as he might, though, Dia was completely unequal to the task of separating two lovin souls as these. Then came a second summons from hi excellency. "Mr. Dias, I am sure you are aware that mos Portuguese treat Goans as slaves," the governor gravel said to a flustered Dias who, who had hurried to obey hi master's order.

"Yes, your excellency," Dias replied nervously looking down.

"You have been not just an ordinary captain of the fortress. I treated you as one of my household, with due

courtesy. I chose your son as my daughter's childhood companion. Has any Goan received such consideration, so much honour?"

"No your excellency. This is the first time we have had the fortune of coming across such a large-hearted person."

"And you are trying to shatter that large heart to pieces. I took a Goan into my household so that my daughter would have a companion in her childhood. Not so that he should become her companion for life." The Governor's tone of voice was ascending with each word, mounting to pitched fury. "Just because he played games with my daughter in childhood, does he think he can play love games with her in her youth?" How dare you dream of entering into blood ties with us. Think of your station in life. Where is a Portuguese Aristocrat - governor - and where a simple captain of a fortress - an ordinary black Goan dog...! Go. Just because you are my servant I will give you one more chance. Before the sun rise tomorrow, your son should leave Goa. If anyone sees him anywhere tomorrow, we will blow him off from the mouth of a cannon. I hereby declare him exiled from this territory." The governor marched off, his every word sounding like it had come out of barrel of a gun. And Captain Dias was left standing there speechless. His ordinarily deep voice has been appropriated by the Portuguese overlords generations ago, when they forced his ancestors to abandon their religion and traditions. And he stood there, a piteous sight. Truly, he had become a black Goan dog.

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"Why are you sitting so quietly, Gaspar?" Paula

asked as she playfully tweaked his straight nose. As alw on this day too the lovers were meeting at their usual p on the seaside.

"As if you do not know already", said Gas angrily. His every word was sharp as a knife. "Paula, you the Governor's daughter. How can you understand sorrow?" "How can you understand my sorrow?"

"Have I ever treated you as a mere captain's so Paula's response was quick from the hurt. "Gaspar I l you. There is no big and small in true love."

"That is what you say, Paula. But today, your fat called my father a black Goan dog. And, before tomorro sunrises if I do not leave Goa, he has ordered that I am to blown off from the mouth of a cannon."

"But what have you been charged with?" Even no she was not quiet sure whether Gaspar was pulling her le

"My crime is that I fell in love. In this land one is even free to love another, Paula. The white men fr Portugal come leaving white footsteps to our land, and b over us. They treat us like strangers in our own home. Th call us dogs..." Gaspar's Goan blood was now boiling.

"But you have not loved alone. I too have loved y You will not have to leave Goa alone, Gaspar, I will be your side. It will not be you alone standing at the mouth the cannon. My father will have to order them to use t cannons tomorrow." Paula's face was shining like the sun.

"No Paula, you have to live. You are the Governo daughter. Do not bring disgrace upon him and blacken name. Besides, I have already promised my father th tomorrow, before the sun comes up, I will be gone from th land to somewhere far, far away."

"Yes, You will have to go. Else, they will put your father and mother to death along with you. But Gaspar, you will not go alone. I will be with you. Not just outside Goa but forever, until the eternal embrace of death..." As she spoke of death, Paula paused. A wonderful idea flashed through her mind.

"Gaspar, do you truly love me?"

"How can you ask such questions? Instead of doubting my love, why do you not tear open my heart and see for yourself?"

"Gaspar, after you go tomorrow, I will pine for you until I die. I am sure that without me, the flame of life will flicker out in you."

"Yes Paula. Without you, every breath I take will be an ordeal. And if I take you with me - no matter where we go - they will pursue and catch us, and surely put me to death."

"We will both die then..." said Paula, childlike.

"Yes." Gaspar's reply was cool, level and measured.

"Then, instead of dying apart from each other or in some strange land, why not die together?" Look at this gentle sea. See the setting sun. Let your eyes turn towards those rocks there. They are the only testimony as our love came into being. let us keep them as testimony when we seal our love for all time to come. Our bodies may not survive here, but our love will remain immortal. Isn't that so, Gaspar?" the words came out of Paula's mouth in a rush. Hearing her, Gaspar suddenly found strength. This was something he had not even thought about.

"Are you afraid. Gaspar?" Real love knows no fear. Look, down there is a rock. It is so beautiful. And look at that wave. It is whispering sweet words to the rock. They have

been testimony to our love, Gaspar. Now let them s
testimony to our death. Come, Gaspar my love, let us
each other one last time and hurl ourselves onto that r
Paula was agog with excitment.

"Yes Paula, let's come here. Come into my a
Come listen to my heart, it is singing a song of death. L
show the world, Paula, that no one can stop true love. T
knows not black and white, that it does not stop a
boundaries of nations."

"Come Gaspar. Before my father finds out, let u
one with eternity." And Paula went into Gaspar's a
Their lips met as they sought to be closer than they had
been before, as two bodies yearned to be one. And
began their leap into eternity. Their bodies soared d
through the air towards the rock and shattered into pie
Just then the wave mercifully drew her sheet of white f
over their mortal remains.

*****

"Hey, what are you doing?" The rock said as he li
off the veil of water, which the wave playfully thrown c
his eyes. He had been quite lost in thought.

"Oh, I thought you were looking at them," said
wave, pointing at the young couple sitting next to Pau
memorial, "Look, he is kissing her."

"Who kissed....?" The rock was shaken out of
reverie. "Oh, those two," he said.

"Look at them, so decent and straightward. It is
lust there, just pure love. Looking at them I sometimes th
that Gaspar and Paula's story will come alive again," s
the rock quietly and seriously.

"Do not talk of such inauspicious thing. What's

matter with you? Can't you countenance someone else's love succeeding?"

"You think I don't want them to? I do. But their love may not be acceptable to the world around. Didn't we want Gaspar and Paula to live happy ever after? But what was destined happened finally. Look at that young man. His every word is the same as Gaspar's. Listen now, he is telling her something. Listen carefully for a while. "At this, the wave fell silent and strained to hear what the two lovers on the shore were saying.

"Shirish, it would be better if you left me." Sudha was saying.

"Away, how far away? Should I go across the seven seas?" Shirish said light-heartedly.

"No matter where I go, I will take you along, Sudha. I will not go anywhere without you."

"But how shall I explain it to you? To meet you I have to hide my face and tell so many lies. Yesterday, *Baba* gave me another warning. If I continue to meet you, he says he will take me out of college and send me to the village."

"So much for the better. Even I will come and stay in your village. Or we can get married and I will take you to my village." The jocular tone revealed that even now, Shirish could not understand the seriousness of her words.

Nearly everyday, Shirish and Sudha would come from Panaji to Dona Paula. This was their rendezvous for the four years that they had been in love. Every evening they would sit by the sea and rocks amid the setting sun, colouring dreams of their life together. Anyone would agree that they made a splendid couple.

But Sudha's father did not approve of Shirish. He

wanted to get his daughter married to a doctor or a lawy
Shirish was an artist. And Sudha's father used
contemptuously call him a painter. Sudha had tried harc
convince her father to change his mind, but in vain. If
father continued to oppose their love, they decided th
would not run away but like in the story of Gaspar Dias a
Paula that Shirish had told Sudha, the

father actually intervened to put an end to their lo
Sudha's resolve faltered. All those decisions were scatter
like the wind. Sudha suddenly discovered that she cou
not bear to hurt her father.

"Shirish I cannot make you happy; because I cann
hurt my father. Please forgive me, and please do n
misunderstand. If I see my father is unhappy, I will never
able to give you any kind of happiness."

"Sudha's words seemed to Shirish like a mockery
his love. He felt that it was all a cruel practical joke played
somebody. The sea, the rocks, the setting sun, the trees, all
which had been testimony to his true love, seemed to tu
around and tell him; 'Shirish, you are not Gaspar and Sud
can never be Paula. You are among those who can tramp
underfoot their love merely because of a father's dislike
Go. Go away from here. And never again hereafter tell t
story of Gaspar and Paula. Was it not you who said that lo
surmounts all obstacles? Then where did these obstacl
come from?" Shirish's head started throbbing with pain.

"Sudha, I have always told you the story of Gasp
Dias and Dona Paula. That story is known to every leaf ar
every rock here. And only they know really whether it
true or false. We had pledged to each other that we wou
live like Gaspar and Paula, love like them and die like ther

The very sea had heard our promise, I am sure she remembers. If we break it, we will be insulting their immortal memory." Shirish desperately tried to explain to Sudha, to make her understand.

"There is no sense to what you are saying. This is the 20th century, Shirish. You think that giving up our lives for love is some kind of joke?" Nobody benefits from that. Not my father and not us. Do you think if we are dead that we can be happy?"

"All right, Sudha. You go. Because he dared to love Paula, Gaspar was punished; ordered by her father to leave Goa. To atone for the crime of loving you, I too shall leave Goa. But my Paula will not be there at my side. This Gaspar will face his punishment alone," said Shirish, looking at Sudha, who was making her way back home. Turning around, she turned around to say a final farewell and then her footsteps faded in the distance as she hurried towards home. She was not willing to face exile with Shirish. And the rock made a mental note of one more incident in its thousands of years of existence, as the wave made its way back across the seven seas, carrying the tale of one more Gaspar's love.

✦✦✦

*(Translated from Konkani by Mr. Ashwin Tombat)*

## JAYANTI NAIK

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# THE ORACLE

*Dhummm ... dhumm ... Dhummm ...*

*Dhammm ... dhummmm ... Dhummmm ...*

The incessant beating of the drums reverberated o the hilltop tearing the heart of the heavans asunder befor moving swiftly down the slopes into the villages nestled i the valley. This was not the sound of just one or two drums There were nine drums in all! Not a moment was wasted a the sticks pounded on their surfaces, sometimes slowly sometimes with renewed fury. The very heart of Nagesh Parbat seemed to be beating to this rhythm, this barrage o sound that set limbs trembling. Yet none of this had any effect on the ten households clustered around the temple. I was as though the sound of the drums just didn't enter thei ears.

One of those houses belonged to the Gurav. Two families of Jalmis lived in the next two. There were two

Jyotkar families, two Kalawants and the rest of the house belonged to the Ilamatkar, the Phulkar and the Haridas. Ten houses in all, roofed with tiles with thatched varandahs in front and the rear. All of them were built at a height, one had to climb at least ten steps to get to the porch. In front of the each house stood a tulsi plant. The courtyard and the floors were of neaten mud, smooth and glossy, so that one could almost see one's face in the cowdung smeared surface. There were a few flowering shrubs in front of each house, at the back were a couple of banana trees, a cowshed and a dung pit.

All the houses were built in the same fashion, the walls smeared with same yellow mud. A stranger who came to the settlement would often find it difficult to locate the house he was looking for.

Every year on Nami night, the elders from each of these houses would meet at the Jalmi Math, the shrine of the founder of the settlement and only then would the first sticks begin to pound on the drums. But things had not happened like this, this year. The Mharas or drummers had begun the Dussehra rituals by pounding on the drums without their traditional sanction.

The elders in each of the houses sat on their porches that day. Though the sun was high up in the sky not one of them had moved from their seats. Their wives had placed the customary tumblers of tea in front of them as soon as they had finished their ablutions early in the morning but each man had ignored the tea and settled down on the stone seat, not a morsel of food had entered his stomach, nor did hunger figure anywhere in his thoughts. A strange stillness had settled on their features, their eyes peered through the palm fronds fixed on the rocky steps winding up to the

temple. The beedi stubs they had tucked behind their ea
the previous night still remained there untouched.

The young men in these houses were ranged acro
the thresholds bent on keeping the elders within. But th
faces were drawn and troubled too, the sooty darkness
the kitchen stove seemed to have settled on each you
man's face.

A terrible stillness settled on each household, ev
the everyday acts of life seemed to be going wrong. The fi
in the kitchen stove spewed out thick smoke, the rice w
undercooked, the gram curry became curdled and tasteles
Even the weets prepared in each household stuck to t
bottom of the vessels today.

As in other years, the shilangan had been laid out f
ritual worship before the household godsthe previous nig
but though the sun was well up in the sky no one had licke
these objects up again and put them back into use. Th
women had ritually purified the hearth in the middle roo
by smearing it with cowdung paste but the heads of th
households had not placed the pots of rice to cook th
naivedya.

The zari edged saris worn on Dussehra st
remained folded in the trunks, the gold ornaments glittere
in their caskets and the button roses on the shrubs in th
garden wilted. No one had plucked them yet to weave in
braids. The little children who would normally hav
dropped whatever they were doing to bound up the tw
hundred odd steps to the temple as soon as the fir
drumbeats fell upon their ears still remained clustered upo
the porch.

A broken window in Shambhu Jyotkar's house wa
the only one that was a jar through which the sound of th

drumbeats wafted in. The noise seeped into his body and threatened to tear his heart out. Each beat of the drumstick fell on his heart and with each stroke his limbs began to tremble and his palms curled up to form tight firsts.

From far away, as though it was coming from across the seven seas, a faint voice reached his ears again and again, "Come, O my brother! Come! Soon!"

He strained his mind trying to recognise that voice but it was of no use. His eyes strayed to a figure on horseback that lurked amongst the rocks. Clad in shining brocade with a zari edged turban on his head and a sword dangling by his side, the figure wore a horizontal streak of holy ash on his forehead and his matted locks swung about his head. A fierce moustache curled above his lip, his long beard hung free and the glory of the afternoon sun seemed to shine about his face.

But what is this?

Why does he seem so angry with me? Does he call me? Is it me that he has been waiting for?

Oh mother! How massive that figure has become now! The matted locks that swung about his shoulders are now coiled up about his feet!

"No! No, my Lord! Do not be angry on me! I know you now ...! Wait ... I come to serve you ... see ... here I come ...!"

"Babu ...! Babban ... open the door, my son!"

Babban, who was standing on the threshold rushed inside as his father banged loudly on the store room door. Though it was securely locked there was a foot long window on the wall of the middle room which opened into the store. He poked his head in and peered through the

murky light.

"Why do you scream Dadi, haven't I told you te times already, I won't open that door today?"

"Don't do that, my son, I beg you, let me go. See ... se how angry he is ...if I do not go today he'll be angry with ou household ..." Shambhu Jyotkar rushed to the window an clutched at the bars.

"Angry? Let him be! That's what we want to see. Fo generations we have served him faithfully, does he care fo us at all or does he care for those who have only deceive him and made fortunes on his name! That's what we want t see!"

"Why put him to the test? What has he done? Is it hi fault if you people stray ...? Who told that Digamber t marry that Devalni's daughter, couldn't he find any suitabl girls of his own caste? Kept going to the big cities and the ended up marrying that servant girl from Mhardol . belongs to the Gurav household, doesn't he, has to pou holy water on the Lord's head during the abhisheka, an this is what he does! True the Lord hasn't taken possessio of his body as yet but he will sometime ... and see how he' become impure! Now won't the Lord be angry with him What will he say in his defence? How will the Brother an the Sister meet as they do once every year? How will th Nagesh - Bhutnath meeting come about from now on? Shambhu Jyotkar burst into sobs.

Babban was upset to see his father cry but he turnec on him angrily, nevertheless.

"All of you think like this ... that's the whole problem You, Ramchandra appo, Itthal dada, Yeslo mama ... all o you ... even that Rama mavshi ... even she sings the same tune! What has Digamber done that is wrong? He's marriec

that girl ... hasn't kept her as his concubine! Will marriage destroy the ritual purity of his body? ... and what of those Desais who go to the Mhardol jatra and sleep with those prostitutes and Devalni women in the darkness in the night ... does this make them more pure, more fit for holy rites?"

"Babban!" Shambhu Jyotkar clamped his hands on his ears and screamed out aloud. "Stop it! Stop that at once ... I can't bear to hear you speak so ...!"

Shambhu Jyotkar rushed away from the window and threw himself on the heap of sacks that were filled with grain. A stream of paddy gushed out from a sack but he was in no condition to care.

This was the paddy left over from last year's khand. As a mark of appreciation for the services which their household rendered to the Lord a tract of land in Nagye village at the foot of the hillock, a tract that yielded twenty khands of paddy, had been given to them. Naran bando cultivated that land and every year after the harvest, before Diwali approached, he was sure to bring a khand of paddy and deliver it to their door. This was enough for their needs throughout the year and the four sacks left over were stacked in that corner, now. Lakshmi, his wife, had taken out two measures of paddy from the topmost sack yesterday, but being overwrought she had forgotten to see the sack up again.

It was the tradition of the village that at midnight on nami night, the Lakshmi or lady of each household would scatter the chaff from the newly threshed grain outside the threshold and carry the new paddy into her house. She would pour the newly harvested grain into the rice bin and worship it ritually. His wife Lakshmi had been doing this with great faith for the last thirty years ever since her

mother-in-law had died, hoping to pass thes
responsibilities to her daughter-in-law some day. Babba
was now twenty seven years old, and there were lots o
proposals from the fathers of the eligible girls... but thi
family of ours is one of oracle's, the lord manifests himself i
our bodies... Our daughter-in-law should be familiar wit
rites and rituals, traditions and forms of worship ... Lakshm
herself was not satisfied with the girls who were th
prospective brides.

Every year on Nami morning itself Naran Band
would appear with a measure of newly harvested paddy fo
the rituals that night. But this year though it was alread
midday there was no sign of the man. Maybe the Mahajan
have threatened him and kept him away like they hav
alienated the kumhars and the mharas, the potters and th
low cast drummers, Lakshmi thought. So she tore open
sack of last year's paddy and pounding the grain in th
mortar prepared a measure of freshly husked rice. But wha
with the commotion in the house that evening, Lakshmi los
all count of the passage of time and midnight turned t
dawn and the platter of newly husked rice still lay in
corner in the middle room, forgotten, untouched.

As the raised voices of her husaband and her son fel
upon her ears she threw down whatever she was doing an
rushed into the middle room totally at a loss for words. In
way she felt her son was right, but her husband's agonise
pleas since the previous evening seemed to pierce her hear
She stood there staring mutely, her daughter Lata by he
side.

This was the first Dussehra since Lata was marrie
back in May, and it was the tradition for the newly weds t
be invited to the parental home to be feted and cosseted o

nis festive occasion in the first year of their married life. But .ata knew that everything was not well in her parental .ome this year, that her father and brother were fiercely at dds so even though the formal invitation did not arrive she sked her husband to take her home. He did so, but since hey had not been formally invited to spend the festival here, he returned home at once.

Something terrible is sure to happen today. What vill I, a lone woman do then, Lakshmi thought in .esperation hoping that her daughter could be there by her ide. That she would really arrive, that her husband's family vould even let her come was something she had not elieved possible, though. So, towards late afternoon, when he saw her daughter step into the courtyard she rushed nbelievingly to clasp her in her arms.

"O my daughter! You've come like a goddess to tand by my side in this troubled time" she exclaimed. "Your irst Dussehra ... but what can we do? Your father and rother are at war ... even the gods in the house are not at eace... what sort of Dussehra is this?" She signed glimpsing er son-in-law at the edge of the courtyard.

The entire nami evening was a troubled one for hambhu Jyotkar, as a matter of fact, right from the first day f Mhala, when the Gods sit in ceremony, his spirit was on enterhooks. On the first day of Mhala in the temple of Vagesh nine types of grains would be sowed in a bed of arth and on this platform would be placed the sacred ghat r ceremonial pot. It was his right, decreed by tradition, to ight the sacred lamp before this ghat.

He'd got up at dawn and having bathed and dressed vas preparing to go to the temple when Babban had barred is way.

"Dadi, you're not going to the temple today
"Not going? What do you mean?" Shambhu Jyotkar couldn
understand what had gotten into Babban that day.

"Now look here Dadi, this Dussehra not one of o
people, young or old, is to set foot in the temple. Not un
those Mhajans remove that Bagat whom they have engage
asa priest. Not until they apologise to the Gurav and gi
him back his job. Till then no one will be allowed to perfor
any duties ..."

"Who says so?"

"We do."

"Who's we?"

"We... all of us ... all the youngsters in this settlemen
I, Digamber, Ramdas, Santosh, Murali, Nagesh ... and nor
of us will let the elders in our house go to the temple, either.

"But ..."

"No more words, Dadi ... go back inside. There's r
need for you to go to the temple today."

Shambhu Jyotkar was helpless before his son
decision, he had to remain at home. In the neighbourin
hosues, too, it was the same story. Old bones had bee
forced to bend and give way before the onslaught of ho
young blood.

There was some sense in what his son was saying, h
knew. How many years have we spent working in th
temple, how many generations have lived and died her
serving the Lord. And yet these Mahajans treat us wors
than dogs!

This is our God. Our ancestors brought him here an
set up this temple... All this land, its protection, religion
everything was in the hands of the Jhalmi and the Jyotka

he Gurav and the other old families who would exercise hese rights for one year at a stretch... At least one thousand ive hundred years it has been since this temple was ounded, even before the Bhoj kings ruled over this land.

The second king of Bhoj dynasty, Gomin, was ttacked by a tiger somewhere on this hill, they say, and it vas the lord Nagesh who saved him, so he built this temple s a mark of thanksgiving. The sanctum where the idol emains today is the one built by the Bhoj king, though it vas the kings of the Sonde dynasty who gave the rest of the emple its present shape and brought the images of 3hutnath and Bhairav and set them for worship too.

Who are these Mahajans, then? Families that have ome and settled here barely seven or eight hundred years go!During the reign of the Kadamba kings seven families of Desais came and settled here, they say, and slowly verything passed into their hands. First they took over the owers in the villages, then the administration of the emples moved into their hands. At first they were wary of he Jhalmi and the Gurav but as time passed they insheathed their claws.

As for our ancestors! They were like cows without iorns! Trembled at the sight of these tigers and let the ropes round their necks pass into their hands!

In my childhood the Jhalmi, Gurav, Jyotkar still got a ittle respect from these men ... why, even twenty seven - wenty eight years ago when Babban was in Lakshmi's tomach, when father passed away and the Spirit of the 3hutnath first took possession of my body ... how old was I, wenty five? But the elderly Mahajan treated me with so nuch respect! The temple committee meetings were never omplete without our speeches, the first chance was given

to Babi Gurav the Oracle of Nagesh, the second chanc
me, the oracle of Bhutnath But now! Forget about a chanc
speak at the meeting ... we aren't allowed to step into
temple chowk on such important days!

These days they create trouble for the slightes
reasons, it's only the fear of the Lord that keeps them fr
getting rid of us altogether. It's been worse since last yea
two month before Dussehra, in the month of Shirvan, E
Gurav died of cancer and the spirit of the Lord did
manifest itself in the body of his son Digamber. You
fellow. Hadn't quite recovered from the shock of his fath
death, perhaps. Didn't totally immerse himself in the Lor
grace, maybe ... So the Lord didn't appear in his form.
these Mahajan! Made this an excuse and tried to bring
Bhat from Karwar, to make him perform all the pries
duties in the Nagesh temple for a fixed salary so that th
could strip us of our fields and our land. But we s
through their plan and we all got together and forced th
to give up the idea... but this wretch Digamber! Took lea
of his senses ... and now they have succeeded in their plan

Just eight days left for Chaitra Punav and t
Digamber, didn't tell a soul in the family, just went off a
married this girl from the Devalni caste! And quick
swoop on this excuse, the Mahajans removed him fro
service in the temple. True, his family was opposed to th
match but what could they do? He is the eldest son, he has
look after the younger brothers and sisters, educate the
and get them married ... his mother was helpless so she to
the daughter-in-law in. But it was like a slap on our fac
that day.

They called us to the meeting at the temple that day

"The Gurav performs the abhisheka by pouri

water on the deity's head. The Lord manifests himself in the Gurav's body on ceremonial occasions... is it right that a man who has defiled his body by marrying a low caste temple servant be allowed to enter the sanctum where the deity stands?"

The Mahajan asked us this question... we had no answer to give. We hung our heads in silence and returned home, our faces black with shame.

The youngsters however were up to something, I could see that, as Babban, Digamber, Ramdas... and the others spent hours on the platform under the pipal by the temple. But that they would do this... I hadn't imagined even in my dreams!

Having removed Digamber from the temple's service the Mahajans were planning to strip him of his land, I heard. One day Babban came home, agitated.

"First the service and now the land!" he exclaimed. "What do they think we are... powerless? won't we go to court, get help from the law? This land has been our's for generations, can they just take it away like that? And whose land is it anyway? Their father's? They go about saying that the Sonde King had given the land around Nagye village to the temple of Nagesh and that this land was then distributed amongst those who served the temple... but how did the Sonde king get it in the first place? Did he carry the land with him when he came from Sonde? Or did he bring it from Sirsi?"

They were our forefathers, the men who set up this Nagye village on the banks of the river Nagvant. They tilled the fields, built the embankments, set up cattlesheds and land for pasture. They were the ones who built the temples and laid the foundations of the village, they brought the

potter, the carpenter, the barber here to ply their trac
They built shrines for the Spirits and established the ritu
to keep them satisfied ... These were the original settlers
this land, the Gaonkars, the wise men who built
everything.

And it was to one of these early Gaonkars that L
Nagesh appeared on this hillock, and a small thatcl
shrine was built at this spot. This man came to be knowr
Jalmior the founder and he performed all the rituals
worship himself. Years passed and the fame of the L
travelled far and wide. Pilgrims flocked to the shrine, jat
and festivals were held and it bacame impossible for
Jalmi to conduct all the rituals himself. It was then that
brought the Gurav here to help him and they have work
together ever since in the service of the Lord. So deep
their ties, in fact, that though the main rituals in the Nage
temple are conducted by the Jalmi, when the Lord manife
himself it is always in the body of the Gurav.

The Jyotkar household, they say, is also a branch
the Jalmi's family. While one son performed the Jalm
rituals another took on the responsibility of lighting t
lamps. In later years this branch of the family split up aga
one stream lighted the lamps in the sanctum and came to
known as the Jyotkars, the other lighted the divtis
flaming lamps that were carried in procession before t
Lord's palki and they were known as the Divtekars.

It was the Jyotkar who installed the image
Bhutnath at the site. So the Spirit menifests itself in his bo
during the Shigmo celebrations and at Dussehra. T
Ilamatkars who carry the paraphernalia of worship and t
Phulkars who supply flowers are also offshoots of t
original Jalmi's family. Only the two kalavant families a

that of the Haridas are separate ones.

Of the two kalavant families Rama mavshi's one which worships Mulveer as its family deity originally hailed from Pedne. Champu Mavshi's family worships Ravalnath and belongs to Madkai. These families of temple dancers came to this region during the reign of the Kadamba kings, around the same time as the Desai families did, in fact, and having obtained permission from the Jalmi decided to settle down on the hillock. The Haridas came to this region in the course of his wanderings around this time too. The Jalmi realised that with the Kalavants and the Haridas in attendancethe temple could now host festivals so he consulted the Mahajans and a plot of land was given to the Haridas so that he could built a house and settle there. Thus it was that the Haridas's family became a part of the settlement and began to serve the Lord though they continued to maitain their sacred threads and their own methods of worship too.

It was the Haridas who formed a band of musicians and in association with the kalavants began the tradition of the Kallo or the ritual plays based on incidents in the Puranas. The first kallo was dedicated to Nagesh and performed on the occasion of Karthik Punav. The Haridas and his band of roving musicians, dancers and actors would then travel through the nineteen villages that fell during the jurisdiction of the Nagesh temple returning to the settlement early on Manni Punav.The performances would then cease and the Bhut jatra would be held that night. But where does all this happen today? One year the procession was held up in the course of its wanderings and got back to the settlement only after mid-day. The Mahajans pondered over this incident and the practice of travelling through the villages performing the Kallo was discontinued. Vaman

dada was most upset by this development, he died so after this.

These days on Karthik Punav, once the lamps of t huge pillar in front of the temple are ablaze a pale shadow the Kallo is performed. It starts with the Ganesh puja ar ends with the Shankasur vadh. There are no elabora recitations from the scriptures, no detailed commentary a in earlier years. Vaman dada died before he could teac Nagesh all the intricate details that a Haridas needs t know. Now these people have seized on this excuse. The have discontinued his services and are seeking to strip hi of his land. The truth is that they are not interested in th Kalloor the Harijagar. All they want to see are these moder plays in which they, too, can enact a role.

"We've dug up all these bits of history, Dadi. W know which family arrived here at which time, how lon they have been serving the temple, what land the possessed in earlier years, what they have now.. everything. We also have some papers and documents a proof. We've even gone and seen the land which the Jalm and Jyotkar families have in Nagye village. We won't le these Mahajans get away like this, we'll teach them a thin or two!" Babban was indignant.

Whether it was fear of his son's wrath or sympathy for the cause, whatever be the reason, Shambhu Jyotkar did not go to the temple for these eight days of the Navratri celebrations. But today he cannot hold himself back. The figure of Nagesh astride a horse, the form of Bhutnath staff in hand, ever attentive and ready to respond to his Master's call hover before his eyes. The sacred pot bedecked with garlands, the tiny seedlings sprouting on the pedestal, the Bhagat clad in a sari and blouse, adorned with bangles and

inklets dancing before Bhutnath... all these pictures have been haunting him continuously not letting him rest hroughout the night.

Right through the day his mind has been hovering around the temple too for he has never done anything else in ife except the work in the service of the Lord. He'd get up early in the morning and having bathed and dressed he'd go o the temple returning home only at night after the arati and the offering of the naivedya, after ensuring that the emple doors were locked. He'd go home for lunch very rarely indeed, most days he and the Gurav would partake of whatever food was offered to the Lord. Mondays and Saturdays were social days at the Jalmi's math and huge crows would throng to the site. So he would go there too and help with the rituals. While the Gurav listened to people's problems, offered solutions and interpreted divine signs he would accept their offerings, distribute bibhut and holy threads and the whole day would pass in this.

The fortnight in which Navaratri and Dussehra were celebrated and the five days of the Chaitra Punav jatra were busy times indeed and he would not get a chance to even go home during that time. He'd eat and sleep in the temple itself. For a man who'd spent his whole life in this fashion how was it possible to get sleep in the confines of his home while Navratri was being celebrated in the temple and the kirtans and the bhajans were on in full swing?

He'd been sitting there on the porch since afternoon. Only a cup of tea and some water had entered his stomach all that day. As it is, he ate fruits just once a day during Navratri, maintaining ritual purity in preparation for the Lord who would take possession of his body, but this year even that frugal repast seemed to stick in his throat. He'd

peck at the morsels on the plantain leaf before him like
cock pecks at grain. Seeing him so troubled the food seeme
to stick in his wife's throat too. And who knows what the so
ate in such troubled times for everything that was cooked
the house seemed to find its way into the swill set out befo
the cows.

The day had begun to wane. Adding to the heav
atmosphere was the dark canopy of rain clouds and fir
droplets of rain had begun to fall. The settlement by th
temple and the steps cut into the hill side were no
thronging with people some known, quite a few unfamilia
Flower sellers and men selling foodstuff, balloons and toy
carried their wares on their heads up to the Jalmi's math.

Shambhu Jyotkar could see all this as he sat on h
porch. He saw Shanu Kumhar move towards the math wit
a bale of hay on his head. In a moment he sprang up an
rushed out.

"Dadi! where are you going? No! You mustn't
Babban grabbed him in a flash and dragged him back.

"I must go! I will! Who are you to hold me back
None of you can keep me away... " Shambhu Jyotkar trie
desperately to wriggle out of his son's grasp but the strengt
of those young arms was too much for him.

Lakshmi and Lata rushed out as soon as they hear
the commotion in the courtyard.

"Baba ... baba ... what you are doing?"

"Bhau! ... Bhau! ..." But Babban merely pushed then
aside and dragged his father into the store room and shovec
him inside.

"Aai... Lata... don't you dare open this door...
Babban pulled the latch shut and pocketed the key. In tha

instant the first stroke of the stick on the drum was heard. Then Dhamm... Dhamm... Dhumm... the drums began to pound without pause.

Shambhu Jyotkar rolled on the floor in agony, "Babban... Lakshimi... Lata..." he moaned, "see, the drums have begun to toranas out of fresh grass and hay and wrap them around the deities on the tarangas... it's time for the Lord to manifest himself in human form... I must go now... I cannot stay away any longer! Unlock this door at once! Let me go...! Babban... into your fight..."

Dhammm... Dhammm... Dhummm...

The sound of the drum could be heard all through the night. And Shambhu Jyotkar lay on the floor rolling in agony, his head amidst the sacks of grain. His eyes were shut but pictures of Dussehra floated before his eyes...

It is well into the afternoon on Dussehra day... The Jalmi's math on the hilltop is crammed with people, there is no space for even an ant to wriggle in. All the sevekars are busy carrying out their duties. People from surrounding villages are gathered around the temple and the math.

The tarangas or the tall poles surmounted by holy pennants and topped by silver images of the deities are adorned with roses garlands and garments of hay. They stand eract on the platform next to the termite mound, Lord Nagesh's taranga on the right and the Bhutnath's on the left. The Mhal Jalmi's stone is covered with flowers, so are the other stones that represent his descendants, the other Jalmis through the ages. In front of these is a huge plantains and joss sticks, for it is the custom to offer plantains at the Jalmi's shrine and it is plantains that worshippers receive in return.

The smell of lighted joss sticks, kumkum, flower fills the air and mingles with the scent of new clothes. Children

prattle, bangles tinkle and the reddish glow of the flammin
divtis fills the whole math. Electric lights have been fitted o
the hill slopes for the last four years but the spirit of th
Mhaljalmi has not given his consent for the installation c
electric bulbs in the math. Nevertheless the light from th
flaming palm fronds and the blazing divtis sets the whol
area awash with light.

The drummers stand by the gateway pounding o
the drums. Dhammm... Dhammm... Dhummm...

Everyone's eyes are trained on the pathway awaitin
the arrival of the Gaonkar on Nagye village to whose famil
the Mhaljalmi originally belonged. Only he has the right t
start the Dussehra festivities... there he comes... now th
spirit of the Lord will appear... women and children wai
their heartbeats quickening, children stick to their mothers
eyes filled with wonder as they stare ahead.

The Gaonkar steps forward, folds his palms befor
the Jalmi stone. "Bless us O Jalmi Purusa! As in other years
pick up your emblem ..."

The music respounds with added frenzy
Ramchandra Jalmi steps forward now and picks up tw
veedos from the platter, one of which he tucks into the folds
of Nagesh taranga, the other into the taranga of Bhutnath
Immediately, Babu Gurav and Shambhu Jyotkar prostrat
before the Mhal Jalmi in his shrine. Clad in new dhotis and
turbans with rose garlands swinging about their necks they
take hold of the tarangas.

"Is everyone here? The villagers from Nagya, from
the other settlements ...?"

"Yes ... yes ... everyone has come."

"Shall we proceed?"

"Proceed!"

Ramchandra Jalmi stands before the Mhal Jalmi's platform and joins his palms. In a moment all the music is stilled.

"Devaa... today you represent Nagesh... you represent Bhutnath... you are the Jalmi... you are the Bhairav... look after us O Lord!...

Turn poison into nectar... care for our women and our children... look after our cattle... as in other years respond to our prayers!

Forgive us if we have erred... Let your Spirit possess these bodies concentrate to you... appear before us O Lord!"

"Hai Saiba...Yes my Lord!"

"Yes my Lord!" A chorus of voices rises up in response.

Dhammm... Dhammm... Dhummm...

The drums that had fallen silent begin to pound again. Babi Gurav hoists the tanga of Nagesh on to his shoulder and steps ahead followed closely by Shambhu Jyotkar. The other temple functionaries follow with the holy trishul, the paraphernalia of ritual worship and the drums. In a second the Jalmi's math is empty as people crowd about the rocky path leading to the temple of Nagesh.

As soon as the tarangas arrive at the temple chowk the Mahajans rush forward to receive them and to prop them up in the holders fixed to the stone pillars, the Nagesh taranga on the right and the taranga of Bhutnath on the left. Men and women of all ages, some crippled, others insane all crowd around the Oracles to seek their blessing but the Mahajans push them away.

"Move away... back... no blessings now... move back,

move back" and scuffles break out in the crowd.

"Stop the music! The exhortation is on..." Someon calls out from the chowk and the drummers who ar stationed outside the temple at once stop beating on th drums. Ramchandra Jalmi's voice echoes in the chowk

"Devaa... today you are Nagesh... you are Bhutnath.. you are the Jalmi..."

"Hara Hara ... Hara ..."

The chorus of voices gets louder and louder Dhammm... Dhammm... Dhummm... all nine drum pound with renewed intensity... a tremor passes through Babi Gurav's frame. His fingers are laced tight... his eye turn red... sharp hissing sound erupt from his lips.. Suddenly he leaps forward and grabs the holy cane befor hoisting the Nagesh taranga onto his shoulder. Shambh Jyotkar does the same with the taranga of Bhutnath ...

"The Lord has taken possession of his frame ...!"

"Nagesh has arrived..."

"Bhutnath lives in the Oracle's frame ...!"

For a few seconds everyone on the chowk forgets to breathe. The music wanes. Only a single dhol continues to beat ...

"Ssss ... Ssssaaa ... Jalmi ...! The coconut ...!"

"Here sire ..." The Jalmi springs forward placing one coconut in the hand of Nagesh's Oracle and another that o Bhutnath.

"Questions ...? Sssssaaa ... Ask then ..."

"Yes sir... wife is ill... daughter's marriage... this year?..."

"Will be well... marriage too... what else...?"

"Nothing sir. Nothing more."

"Here... take..."

The Oracle scoops up some bibhut and smears it on the jalmi's forehead. He waves the holy cane around the Jalmi's head in blessing. The Bhutnath Oracle does it likewise. The jalmi's household has received the traditional blessing, it is now time for the other temple functionaries to approach the Lord. Only the Mahajans remain isolated on one side. They will receive the blessing at the very end. After the annual reunion of the holy Brother and Sister, after the visit to the border of the village when, sometime in the morning, the palki returns to the temple, only then will the Lord bless them.

The Oracle of Nagesh does not have much time to spare. He rushes out of the chowk around the temple of Bhutnath and plunges headlong down the steep rocky steps. The Oracle of Bhutnath follows in his footsteps and all the other functionaries scramble after him as the refrain of "Hara ... Hara ... Hara ..." echoes in the air.

A spray of gulal falls on the palki bearing the idol of Nagesh dressed for its ceremonial outing. There is a loud burst of fireworks. Shehnais wail, drums pound. Men carrying the other paraphernalia fall in line as the palki is lifted up and the procession begins, "Pundalika varada... Hari Vithal...!"

The rocky steps are crooked and steep but the Oracles rush down headlong like arrows shot from a bow. The others rush behind to support them., to grab the tarangas if necessary. The procession pauses a while at the temple of Siddhabhairav at the foot of the hill to distribute bibhut, to bless common people, their livestock and their land. But the Oracle of Nagesh has his eyes trained on a

point in the distance. He stops dispensing bibhut an suddenly rushes down the road with the Oracle of Bhutnat in hot pursuit. Groups of people have gathered with ligh and lamps. The Oracles pause, just for a few minutes, som people receive bibhut, others remain mere spectators as th Oracles continue to rush along.

Suddenly Hari Parab rushes forward, "Havin mercy on my grand daughter Sire!" he cries pushing young girl of ten or twelve into their path.

"Ssss... Bhutnath ... see who ..."

"Move back... move back... the girl is mad!" Th people pressing forward are forced away and a small plac is cleared in front of the Oracles.

"Sssssooooo... ssssaaa... who are you... speak! Bhutnath leaps about raining blows on the girl's back with the holy cane in his hand.

"Not of the house!... From the wild I came... No. nc Sire... let me go! I will not return... do not beat me O Lord!"

The girl springs forward and runs ten or twelve paces before collapsing in a heap.

"It's gone! It's gone!"

"The evil wind has left her!" people gasp

The Oracle meanwhile has rushed off again. He must get to the pier before his Sister arrives. There is a huge crowd of people swarming about the apti tree but the Oracle pauses only a moment, rushing down to the pier his eyes trained on the other bank. The Lord's palki follows in procession pausing at the apti tree so that everyone can gather leaves with which they will cherish as gold.

The sound of drums across the river grows in intensity. The Oracle of Goddess Bhagavati steps into the

boat accompanied by others bearing the goddess' palki and her decorated umbrella. Dressed in a green sari with necklaces of coral and gold coins around his neck, with bangles around his wrists and haldi and kumkum smeared on his forehead Bhiku Bhagat's fair body takes a strange aura at Dussehra.

"Look at Bhiku Bhagat today and you'll think Devi Bhagavati is standing before you!"

"Hide the Devi's idol and put Bhiku Bhagat in its place ... no one will know!"

"More than sixty years old! Still, on Dussehra, when the goddess appears in his body even four grown men cannot hold him back! Ten years old he was when the goddess first came upon him and she has appeared every year since then!"

The boat is still in a couple of feet of water when Bhiku Bhagat leaps out. The Oracle of Nagesh also throws off the hands restraining him and plunges forward. This reunion comes but once a year... ties that span so many aeons... the two are clasped in each other's arms... the umbrella brushes against the taranga... The Oracle of Bhutnath rolls on the ground at their feet.

A multitude of hearts stop beating. Youngsters perched on treetops feel their teeth chatter. Women feel their hair stand on end. Ramchandra Jalmi recovers first of all.

"Separate the oracle... pull them apart..." he screams.

Seven or eight men rush forward but they are bathed in sweat by the time they accomplish this task. All three Oracles have turned stiff and rigid by now and two men have to prop each of them to keep them erect. Cries of 'where's the dhoti?' 'the sari and the blouse', 'take the veedo

out of that bag' resound and there is flurry of activity.

The Jalmi fold his palms reverentially.

"Sire, offer the sari and blouse to your Sister" he sa holding the Oracle's stiff hands and helping him pass t annual gift to the devi's oracle. The dhoti and the shawl a duly passed to him in return.

"Now give the younger Brother his due, give him t veedo my Lady."

The Sister looks at the Brother... and at the you Brother who has followed in his wake... how long has been... a whole year since they met! The Brother gazes at t Sister ... Elder Sister... Mahamaya... the whole Universe h been created from her womb ... how long has it been since fell at her feet ... Mother! Mother! Take me under yo wing... cast your protective arms around me...!

"Mother! ... Mahamaya ... O Mother!"

Shambhu Jyotkar who has been rolling on t ground in the storeroom springs erect. "I know you now know you now O Mother! Your faint voice called out to m from across the seven seas all this time but I knew you no The elder brother has not appeared before you since la year. At least the younger one must appear before you... fe not! He will! In this body ... O Mother! I come! I come!"

Shambhu Jyotkar's cries rise to a crescendo as h beats upon the door. "Open the door!... Open! Se Mhamaya awaits the arrival of her younger brother... ho can He com ... if the body is not there to receive him? I mu go to the chowk. You must open the door today. I will n live otherwise!"

Shambhu Jyotkar strikes his head against the doo Blood spurts out in a stream. Lata and Lakshmi scream i

fright.

"Bhau! ... Let him go ...!"

"Babban ... open the door!"

"Dadi will die in there!"

"Don't play with my married life my son!"

The people who are going up to the temple begin to crowd around Shambhu Jyotkar's house. The news travel through the air to all the houses in the settlement and Ramdas, Digamber, Santosh, Murali, Nagesh rush to the spot. The pool of blood in the storeroom seems to chill their young hearts.

"What do we do now Babban?"

" ............................" The young man stands in front of the storeroom door in silence.

"Shall we open the door?"

" ............................"

"What do we do Ramdas?"

"Something must be done. Soon. Or Dadi will die in there."

"If we open the door what will happen to all that we have decided?"

"That's for him to decide. He'll find a way!"

"Babban! Say something! What shall we do?"

"What can he say? It's like a mouthful of hot water for him ... can't swallow ... can't spit it out!"

"Open the door then" Ramdas moves forward, draws out the key from Babban's pocket and unlocks the door. "See Dadi, the door is open. Go to the chowk. No one will stop you now!"

Like the coloured water and gulal that streak men's

bodies at the Shigmo festival, Dadi's body is awash with h
blood but he spares not a thought for that. As soon as t
door is opened he rushes out of the house his fists curli
tight. It is past three in the afternoon but the sky is st
overcast and the drops of rain are falling fast. As Shambh
Jyotkar rushes towards the temple the rain washes t
blood on his body forming pools of blood in his wake.

"Babban! Digamber! Run after him! He may fall
he's lost so much blood!" Lakshmi screams as t
youngsters bound up the path to the temple at his heels.

Dhammm ... Dahammm ... dhummm ..

"Hara .. Hara ... Hara ..."

As Shambhu Jyotkar gets closer and closer to t
temple his body begins to tremble, his breath catches in h
throat and his heart beats at a furious pace.

Nagesh astride a horse... Mahamaya's voice floa
clearly to his ears. He is almost in a trance when he reache
the temple gates. Suddenly the defening drum beats ceas
and the sharp hissing sounds made by the oracle begin to fi
the air.

"Bhutnath has appeared ...!"

"...What is this?"

"Bhutnath has appeared ...in the body of th
carpenter from Malkarna!"

"See! See how he grabs the holy cane!"

"Strange! How can the Lord manifest himself i
another body when the one concentrated to him is stil
alive?"

"Arrey! How can the Lord appear in his body unles
the pounding of the drums falls on his ears? But thos
wretched youngsters have locked him up in the house

What can the Lord do then? He has chosen another body to manifest himself in!"

"If you burn down the house to get rid of the rat who stands to lose? What do the Mahajans care? They will strike wherever the soil is soft!"

"Then why does the Spirit of Nagesh not manifest Himself then?"

"That is a separate case. This is a separate one. But if the Lord wishes that will also happen!"

"These days the gods have also begun to change. Even they can't make out what is true and what isn't!"

The whispered comments trickle little by little into Shambhu Jyotkar's ears as he grows conscious of his surroundings. His eyes peer through the throngs of people and settle on the chowk.

Bhiva Mesta has hoisted the taranga of Bhutnath on to his shoulder. The Mahajans are standing first in the line receiving blessings.

✦✦✦

*(Original in Konkani - AVSAR.*
*Translated into English by Vidya Pai)*

## NAGESH KARMALI

### THE WORDS

In this sky of your eyes
I have gathered all the clouds
And the images of somebody
Known and unknown too

The flight of the pigeon flock
Have found new direction today
And you and I fondly remember
The words long forgotten

++

## POEM

The Birds
With new wings in flight
Are lost in the intoxication
Of the evening melody

All words
Yours and mine
Stir our soul
In the depth of life's midnight

+++

## THE DREAMLAND

Oh! The dreamland of wonders
Give me your blue vision

With the green blossom of flowers
Add colour to this life

Let your breath of the dawn
Become sweet fragrance of the dusk

Let the black of the night infuse strength to life
And this moon too may shine with new brightness.

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Madhav Borkar)*

SHASHIKANT PUNAJI

## THE STAR

A star hangs down from the house
The star which leads you from
Darkness to respledent light
The star has a long history
Be it Diwali, be it Christmas
It is always there
For the star,
Every night is Diwali
Every night is Christmas
Even if Narkasur arrives
With great funfare
Even if on Christmas eve
Santa Claus comes dancing to
The rhythm of the ghumott drum
With his pockets full of joy
The star does not stretch its hands
It has no desire to borrow light
From the half-moon of the Id
This star never laughs, nor does it cry
Nor does it whimper
If you don't send it a simple greeting card
It bothers not, it is not worried
It treats all equally
When it sees children stealing pieces
Of coloured paper and bamboo sticks
Meant for its dress
It looks on placidly
That's why it twinkles, twinkles, twinkles.

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Manoharrai Sardesai*

## THE TRADING DEMON

The trading giant of a demon
With protruding long teeth
Pounding pestles triumphantly
Has now intruded into every home.

Setting all towers on fire.
He has now reached the village too,
Now left out anyone's house,
Has held firmly everyone
In the grip of his maw,

None has retained any kinship,
In one's own house for that matter,
All close relationships
Has been swallowed by him.

Even riding on fish scales
They come falling over each other,
And plunge big knives into
Anyone's belly without distinction,
That's why ...
Each one ekes out a living
Enwrapped around himself,
Slamming all doors shut
Against and for humanity.

In recent times
In no house do they celebrate
Any feast/festival with enthusiasm,
No laughter of vigorous efforescence
Bursts out on the lips of anyone,
One seespeople only berrating each other...!

The trading demon of a giant
Brandishsing a sharp-edged sword
Washing his hands off in glee,
Lunges for humity's blood
And in response...
Poor little humanity
Hides herself in someone's shelter,
Bitterly weeping away her tears...!

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Olivinho Gomes*

## THE SEA

This sea
once
held my
little finger
and carried me
into fairy land

This sea
roared then too
played
around my feet
and
listened to my boasts

This sea
talks to me
staring
at the stick
in my hand
and
listens to my complaints

This sea
will roar still
holding my ashes
and
will play with
somebody else

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Madhav Borkar)*

PARESH NARENDRA KAMAT

## THE PICTURE OF A HOUSE

With a waxen crayon
you draw on paper
The picture of a house

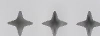
The house : atop mudbrown walls
drawn with a four line flourish
fits the tiled roof
like a red baby cap
A tiny little window
to look out and
sun-n-wind to play with
and a door a jar
to come and go

Overhead shines
your favourite
brilliant sungod
in front of the house
like your frock
the colourful flowers
of the beautiful garden

Inside the house : Papa, Mamma
and their child
The child plays in the compound
in the picture
the eyes of the child
speak silently
just like yours
and without being told
I understand all
as though explained

With but five seasons behind you
this ingeniously erected unique house means
genius incarnate has
at such tender age
expressed through your tiny wax-soft fingers
this captivating artistic manifestation

Free from anxiety
the threesome live in this house
that dwells in your heart...



*(Translated from Konkani by Dr. Kiran Budkuley)*

## THE TREE

Are you planting a tree?
You may plant one
but never expect
that it will flower
and bear fruit.

For
I've seen several such trees
which put forth flowers
but they all fall
and sink into the mud.
Some bear fruit
but they rot
and are eaten by birds and insects.

So never expect
that the tree
will blossom
into flowers and fruit.

Perhaps
some day it may bloom
and yield you a harvest of fruit;
it may even sing with joy
like a magic tree.

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Madhav Borkar)*

## THE ANGST

To bear today's sorrow
Remember
Yesterday's happiness
To illuminate the world's darkness
Light a ray of your sweet smile.

The embers
In your heart
Keep them fanning with new confidence
Lift your feet towards victory's mountain
Remember always
Struggle do not end in a day

You are searching something
That don't exist
You've lost everything you had.
In the bargain
You've forgotten
Your innocent smile too

In your endless search for me
Your greed knows no bound
You've tied a noose around your neck
And you are walking turning your back
To humanity.

+++

*(Translated from Konkani by Madhav Borkar)*

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